

THE
WORKS

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. XVI.

ROMANCES VOL. VII.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1822.

WILLIAMSON

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GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

*'Tis said that words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
But scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.*

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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ZWICKAU,

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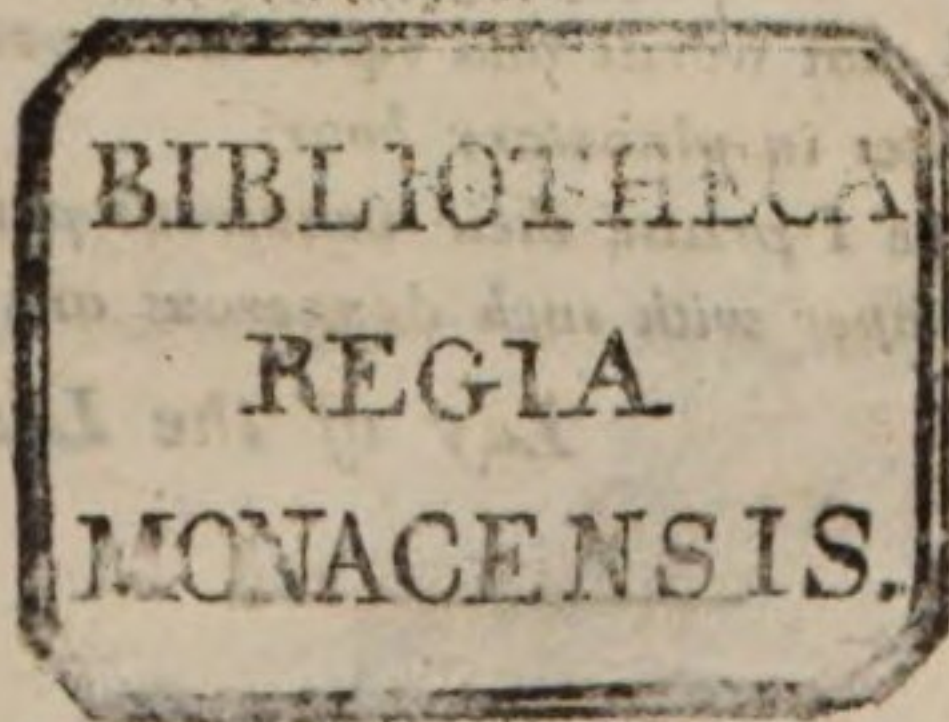


GUY MANNING

OF

THE ASTROLOGER

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATERLYN"



IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

SWICKAU

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHENK

1851



### CHAPTER XXXIII.

*A man that apprehends death to be no more dreadful but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.*

#### Measure for Measure.

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Glossin had made careful minutes of the information derived from these examinations. They threw little light upon the story, so far as he understood its purport; but the better informed reader has received, through means of this investigation, an account of Brown's proceedings, between the moment when we left him upon his walk to Kippletringan, and the time when, stung by jealousy, he so rashly and unhappily presented himself before Julia



Mannering, and well nigh brought to a fatal termination the quarrel which his appearance occasioned.

Glossin rode slowly back to Ellangowan, pondering on what he had heard, and more and more convinced that the active and successful prosecution of this mysterious business was an opportunity of ingratiating himself with Hazlewood and Mannering, to be on no account neglected. Perhaps, also, he felt his professional acuteness interested in bringing it to a successful close. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that on his return to his house from Kippletringan, he heard his servants announce hastily, « that Mac-Guffog, the thief-taker, and twa or tree concurrents, had a man in hands in the kitchen waiting for his honour. »

He instantly jumped from horseback, and hastened into the house. « Send my clerk here directly, ye'll find him copying the survey of the estate in the little green parlour. Set things to rights in my study, and wheel the great leather chair up to the writing-table — set a stool for Mr Scrow. — Scrow, (to the clerk, as he entered the presence-chamber,) hand down Sir George Mackenzie on Crimes;



open it at the section *Vis Publica et Privata*, and fold down a leaf at the passage 'anent the bearing of unlawful weapons.' Now lend me a hand off with my muckle coat, and hang it up in the lobby, and bid them bring up the prisoner — I trow I will sort him — but stay, first send up Mac-Guffog. — Now, Mac-Guffog, where did ye find this chield?"

Mac-Guffog, a stout bandy-legged fellow, with a neck like a bull, a face like a fire-brand, and a most portentous squint of the left eye, began, after various contortions by way of courtesy to the Justice, to tell his story, ekeing it out by sundry sly nods and knowing winks, which appeared to bespeak an intimate correspondence of ideas between the narrator and his principal auditor. "Your honour sees I went down to yon place that your honour spoke of, that's kept by her that your honour kens of, by the sea-side. — So says she, what are you wanting here? ye'll be come wi' a broom in your pocket frae Ellangowan? — So says I, deil a broom will come frae there awa', for ye ken, says I, his honour Ellangowan himsell in former times" —

"Well, well, no occasion to be particular, tell the essentials."



“Weel, so we sat niffering about some brandy that I said I wanted, till he came in.”

“Who?”

“He!” pointing with his thumb inverted to the kitchen, where the prisoner was in custody. “So he had his griego wrapped close round him, and I judged he was not dry-handed — so I thought it was best to speak proper, and so he believed I was a Manks man, and I kept aye between him and her, for fear she had whistled. And then we began to drink about, and then I betted he would not drink out a quartern of Hollands without drawing breath — and then he tried it — and just then Slounging Jock and Dick Spur’em came in, and we clinked the darbies on him, took him quiet as a lamb — and now he’s had his bit sleep out, and is as fresh as a May gowan, to answer what your honour likes to speer.” This narrative, delivered with a wonderful quantity of gesture and grimace, received at the conclusion the thanks and praises which the narrator expected.

“Had he no arms?” asked the Justice.

“Ay, ay, they are never without barkers and slashers.”



“Any papers?”

“This bundle,” delivering a dirty pocket-book.

“Go down stairs, then, Mac-Guffog, and be in waiting.” The officer left the room.

The clink of irons was immediately afterwards heard upon the stair, and in two or three minutes a man was introduced, handcuffed and fettered. He was thick, brawny, and muscular, and although his shagged and grizzled hair marked an age somewhat advanced, and his stature was rather low, he appeared, nevertheless, a person whom few would have chosen to cope with in personal conflict. His coarse and savage features were still flushed, and his eye still reeled under the influence of the strong potation which had proved the immediate cause of his seizure. But the sleep, though short, which Mac-Guffog had allowed him, and still more a sense of the peril of his situation, had restored to him the full use of his faculties. The worthy judge, and the no less estimable captive, looked at each other steadily for a long time without speaking. Glossin apparently recognised his prisoner, but seemed at a loss how to proceed with his investigation. At length he broke silence. “Soh,



Captain — this is you? — you have been a stranger on this coast for some years."

"Stranger?" replied the other; "strange enough, I think — for hold me der deyvil, if I been ever here before."

"That won't pass, Mr Captain."

"That must pass, Mr Justice — sapperment!"

"And who will you be pleased to call yourself, then, for the present," said Glossin, "just until I shall bring some other folks to refresh your memory, concerning who you are, or at least who you have been?"

"What bin I? — donner and blitzen! I bin Jans Janson, from Cuxhaven — what sall Ich bin?"

Glossin took from a case which was in the apartment, a pair of small pocket pistols, which he loaded with ostentatious care. "You may retire," said he to his clerk, "and carry the people with you, Scrow — but wait in the lobby within call."

The clerk would have offered some remonstrances to his patron on the danger of remaining alone with such a desperate character,



although iron'd beyond the possibility of active exertion, but Glossin waved him off impatiently. When he had left the room, the Justice took two short turns through the apartment, then drew his chair opposite to the prisoner, so as to confront him fully, placed the pistols before him in readiness, and said in a steady voice, "You are Dirk Hatteraick of Flushing, are you not?"

The prisoner turned his eye instinctively to the door, as if he apprehended some one was listening. Glossin rose, opened the door, so that from the chair in which his prisoner sat he might satisfy himself there was no eve's dropper within hearing, then shut it, resumed his seat, and repeated his question. "You are Dirk Hatteraick, formerly of the Yungfrau Haagenslaapen, are you not?"

"Tousand deyvils! — and if you know that, why ask me?"

"Because I am surprised to see you in the very last place where you ought to be, if you regard your safety."

"Der deyvil! — no man regards his own safety that speaks so to me!"

"What? unarmed, and in irons! — well said, Captain! But, Captain, bullying won't



do — you'll hardly get out of this country without accounting for a little accident that happened at Warroch Point a few years ago."

Hatteraick's looks grew black as midnight.

"For my part," continued Glossin, "I have no particular wish to be hard upon an old acquaintance — but I must do my duty — I shall send you off to Edinburgh in a post-chaise and four this very day."

"Poz donner! you would not do that — why you had the matter of half a cargo in bills on Vanbeest and Vanbruggen."

"It is so long since, Captain Hatteraick, that I really forget how I was recompensed for my trouble."

"Your trouble — your silence, you mean."

"It was an affair in the course of business — and I have retired from business for some time."

"Ay, but I have a notion that I could make you go steady about, and try the old course again. Why, man, hold me der deyvil, but but I meant to visit you, and tell you something that concerns you."



„Of the boy?" said Glossin eagerly.

„Yaw, Mynheer."

„He does not live, does he?"

„As lifelich as you or I."

„Good God! — But in India?"

„No, tousand deyvils, here! on this dirty coast of yours."

„But, Hatteraick, this, — that is if it be true, which I do not believe, — this will ruin us both, for he cannot but remember your neat job; and for me — it will be productive of the worst consequences! It will ruin us both, I tell you."

„I tell you it will ruin none but you — for I am done up already, and if I must strap for it, all shall out."

„Zounds, what brought you back to this coast like a madman?"

„Why, all the gelt was gone, and the house was shaking, and I thought the job was clayed over."

„Stay, what can be done? — I dare not discharge you — but might you not be rescued in the way — ay sure — a word to Lieutenant



Brown, — and I would send the people with you by the coast-road."

"No, no! that won't do — Brown's dead — shot — laid in the locker, man — the devil has the picking of him."

"Dead? — shot? — at Woodbourne, I suppose?"

"Yaw, Mynheer."

Glossin paused — the sweat broke upon his brow with the agony of his feelings, while the hard-featured miscreant who sat opposite, coolly rolled his tobacco in his cheek, and squirted the juice into the fire-grate. "It would be ruin," said Glossin to himself, "absolute ruin, if the heir should re-appear — and then what might be the consequence of conniving with these men? — yet there is so little time to take measures — Hark you, Hatteraick; I can't set you at liberty — but I can put you where you may set yourself at liberty — I always like to assist an old friend. I shall confine you in the old castle for to-night, and give these people double allowance of grog. Mac-Guffog will fall in the trap in which he caught you. The stancheons on the window of the strong room, as they call it, are wasted



to pieces, and it is not above twelve feet from the level of the ground without, and the snow lies thick."

"But the darbies," said Hatteraick, looking upon his fetters.

"Hark ye," said Glossin, going to a tool chest, and taking out a small file, "there's a friend for you, and you know the road to the sea by the stairs." Hatteraick shook his chains in ecstasy, as if he were already at liberty, and strove to extend his fettered hand towards his protector. Glossin laid his finger upon his lips with a cautious glance at the door, and then proceeded in his instructions. "When you escape, you had better go to the Kaim of Derncleugh."

"Donner! that howff is blown."

"The devil! — well then, you may steal my skiff that lies on the beach there, and away. But you must remain snug at the Point of Warroch till I come to see you."

"The Point of Warroch?" said Hatteraick, his countenance again falling; "What, in the cave I suppose? — I would rather it were any where else; — es spuckt da! — they say for



certain that he walks — But, donner and blitzen! I never shunned him alive, and I won't shun him dead — Strafe mich helle! it shall never be said Dirk Hatteraick feared either dog or devil! — So I am to wait there till I see you?"

"Ay, ay," answered Glossin, "and now I must call in the men."

"I can make nothing of Captain Janson, as he calls himself, Mac-Guffog, and it's now too late to bundle him off to the county jail. Is there not a strong room up yonder in the old castle?"

"Ay is there, sir; my uncle, the constable, ance kept a man there for three days in auld Ellangowan's time. But there was an unco dust about it — it was tried in the inner-house afore the feifteen."

"I know all that, but this person will not stay there very long — it's only a makeshift for a night. There is a small room through which it opens, you may light a fire for yourselves there, and I'll send you plenty of stuff to make you comfortable. But be sure you lock the door upon the prisoner; and, hark ye, let him have a fire in the strong room



too, the season requires it. Perhaps he'll make a clean breast to-morrow.

With these instructions, and with a large allowance of food and liquor, the Justice dismissed his party to keep guard for the night in the old castle, under the full hope and belief that they would neither spend the night in watching nor prayer.

There was little fear that Glossin himself should that night sleep over-sound. — His situation was perilous in the extreme, for the schemes of a life of villainy seemed at once to be crumbling around and above him. He laid himself to rest, and tossed upon his pillow for a long time in vain. At length he fell asleep, but it was only to dream of his patron, — now, as he had last seen him, with the paleness of death upon his features, then again transformed into all the vigour and comeliness of youth, approaching to expel him from the mansion-house of his fathers. Then he dreamed, that after wandering long over a wild heath, he came at length to an inn, from which sounded the voice of revelry; and that when he entered, the first person he met was Frank Kennedy, all smashed and gory, as he had lain on the beach at Warroch Point, but with a reeking punch-bowl in his hand. Then the



scene changed to a dungeon, where he heard Dirk Hatteraick, whom he imagined to be under sentence of death, confessing his crimes to a clergyman. — "After the bloody deed was done," said the penitent, "we retreated into a cave close beside, the secret of which was known but to one man in the country; we were debating what to do with the child, and we thought of giving it up to the gypsies, when we heard the cries of the pursuers hallooing to each other. One man alone came straight to our cave, and it was that man who knew the secret — but we made him our friend at the expence of half the value of the goods saved. By his advice we carried off the child to Holland in our consort, which came the following night to take us from the coast. That man was" —

"No, I deny it! — it was not I," said Glosin; and, struggling in his agony to express his denial more distinctly, he awoke.

It was, however, conscience, that had prepared this mental phantasmagoria. The truth was, that, knowing much better than any other person the haunts of the smugglers, he had, while the others were searching in different directions, gone straight to the cave, even before he had learned the murder of Kennedy,



whom he expected to find their prisoner. He came upon them with some idea of mediation, but found them in the midst of their guilty terrors, while the rage, which had hurried them on to murder, began, with all but Hatteraick, to sink into remorse and fear. Glossin was then indigent and greatly in debt, but he was already possessed of Mr Bertram's ear, and, aware of the facility of his disposition, he saw no difficulty in enriching himself at his expence, provided the heir-male were removed, in which case the estate became the unlimited property of the weak and prodigal father. Stimulated by present gain and the prospect of contingent advantage, he accepted the bribe which the smugglers offered in their terror, and connived at, or rather encouraged their intention of carrying away the child of his benefactor, who, if left behind, was old enough to have described the scene of blood which he had witnessed. The only palliative which the ingenuity of Glossin could offer to his conscience was, that the temptation was great, and came suddenly upon him, embracing as it were the very advantages upon which his mind had so long rested, and promising to relieve him from distresses which must have otherwise speedily overwhelmed him. Besides, he endeavoured to think that self-preservation rendered his conduct



necessary. He was, in some degree, in the power of the robbers, and pleaded hard with his conscience, that, had he declined their offers, the assistance which he could have called for, though not distant, might not have arrived in time to save him from men, who, on less provocation, had just committed murder.

Galled with the anxious forebodings of a guilty conscience, Glossin now arose, and looked out upon the night. The scene, which we have already described in the beginning of our first volume, was now covered with snow, and the brilliant, though waste, whiteness of the land, gave to the sea by contrast a dark and livid tinge. A landscape covered with snow, though abstractedly it may be called beautiful, has, both from the association of cold and barrenness, and from its comparative infrequency, a wild, strange, and desolate appearance. Objects, well known to us in their common state, have either disappeared, or are so strangely varied and disguised, that we seem gazing on an unknown world. But it was not with such reflections that the mind of this bad man was occupied. His eye was upon the gigantic and gloomy outlines of the old castle, where, in a flanking tower of enormous size and thickness, glimmered two lights, one



from the window of the strong room, where Hatteraick was confined, the other from that of the adjacent apartment occupied by his keepers. «Has he made his escape, or will he be able to do so? — Have the men watched, who never watched before, in order to complete my ruin? — If morning finds him there, he must be committed to prison; Mac-Morlan or some other person will take the matter up — he will be detected — convicted — and will tell all in revenge!» —

While these racking thoughts glided rapidly through Glossin's mind, he observed one of the lights obscured, as by an opake body placed at the window. What a moment of interest! — «He has got clear of his irons! — he is working at the stancheons of the window — they are surely quite decayed, they must give way — O God! they have fallen outward, I heard them clink among the stones! — the noise cannot fail to wake them — furies seize his Dutch awkwardness! — The light burns free again — they have torn him from the window, and are binding him in the room! — No! he had only retired an instant on the alarm of the falling bars — he is at the window again — the light is quite obscured now — he is getting out!»



A heavy sound, as of a body dropped from a height among the snow, announced that Hatteraick had completed his escape, and shortly after Glossin beheld a dark figure, like a shadow, steal along the whitened beach, and reach the spot where the skiff lay. New cause for fear! "His single strength will be unable to float her," said Glossin to himself; "I must go to the rascal's assistance. — But no! he has got her off, and now, thank God, her sail is spreading itself against the moon — ay, he has got the breeze now — would to heaven it were a tempest to sink him to the bottom!"

After this last cordial wish, he continued watching the progress of the boat as it stood away towards the Point of Warroch, until he could no longer distinguish the dusky sail from the gloomy waves over which it glided. Satisfied then that the immediate danger was averted, he retired with somewhat more composure to his guilty pillow.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

*Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallowed and blood-stain'd hole?*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

On the next morning, great was the alarm and confusion of the officers, when they discovered the escape of their prisoner. Mac-Guffog appeared before Glossin with a head perturbed with brandy and fear, and incurred a most severe reprimand for neglect of duty. The resentment of the Justice appeared only to be suspended by his anxiety to recover possession of the prisoner, and the thief-takers, glad to escape from his awful and incensed presence, were sent off in every direction (except the right one) to recover their prisoner, if possible. Glossin particularly recommended a careful search at the Kaim of Derncleugh, which was occasionally occupied under night by vagrants of



different descriptions. Having thus dispersed his myrmidons in various directions, he himself hastened by devious paths through the Wood of Warroch, to his appointed interview with Hatteraick, from whom he hoped to learn at more leisure than last night's conference admitted, the circumstances attending the return of the heir of Ellangowan to his native country.

With manœuvres like those of a fox when he doubles to avoid the pack, Glossin strove to approach the place of appointment in a manner which should leave no distinct track of his course. "Would to Heaven it would snow," said he, looking upward, "and hide these footprints. Should one of the officers light upon them, he would run the scent up like a blood-hound, and surprise us. — I must get down upon the sea-beach, and contrive to creep along beneath the rocks."

And accordingly, he descended from the cliffs with some difficulty, and scrambled along between the rocks and the advancing tide, now looking up to see if his motions were watched from the rocks above him; now casting a jealous glance to mark if any boat appeared upon the sea, from which his course might be discovered.



But even the feelings of selfish apprehension were for a time superseded, as Glossin passed the spot where Kennedy's body had been found. It was marked by the fragment of rock which had been precipitated from the cliff above, either with the body or after it. The mass was now encrusted with small shell-fish, and tasselled with tangle and sea-weed; but still its shape and substance were different from those of the other rocks which lay scattered around. His voluntary walks, it will readily be believed, had never led to this spot; so that finding himself now there for the first time after the terrible catastrophe, the scene at once recurred to his mind with all its accompaniments of horror. He remembered how, like a guilty thing, gliding from the neighbouring place of concealment, he had mingled with eagerness, yet with caution, among the terrified group who surrounded the corpse, dreading lest any one should ask from whence he came. He remembered, too, with what conscious fear he had avoided gazing upon that ghastly spectacle. The wild scream of his patron, "My bairn! my bairn!" again rang in his ears. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "and is all I have gained worth the agony of that moment, and the thousand anxious fears and horrors which have since embittered my life! — O how I wish that I lay where that wretched



man lies, and that he stood here in life and health! — But these regrets are all too late.”

Stifling, therefore, his feelings, he crept forward to the cave, which was so near the spot where the body was found, that the smugglers might have heard from their hiding-place the various conjectures of the bye-standers concerning the fate of their victim. But nothing could be more completely concealed than the entrance to their asylum. The opening, not larger than that of a fox-earth, lay in the face of the cliff directly behind a large black rock, or rather upright stone, which served at once to conceal it from strangers, and as a mark to point out its situation to those who used it as a place of retreat. The space between the stone and the cliff was exceedingly narrow, and being heaped with sand and other rubbish, the most minute search would not have discovered the mouth of the cavern, without removing those substances which the tide had heaped before it. For the purpose of farther concealment, it was usual with the contraband traders who used this haunt, after they had entered, to stuff the mouth with withered sea-weed, loosely piled together as if drifted there by the waves. Dirk Hatteraick had not forgotten this precaution.



Glossin, though a bold and hardy man, felt his heart throb, and his knees knock together, when he prepared to enter this den of secret iniquity, in order to hold conference with a felon, whom he justly accounted one of the most desperate and depraved of men. "But he has no interest to injure me," was his consolatory reflection. He examined his pocket-pistols, however, before removing the weeds and entering the cavern, which he did upon hands and knees. The passage, which at first was low and narrow, just admitting entrance to a man in a creeping posture, expanded after a few yards into a high arched vault of considerable width. The bottom, ascending gradually, was covered with the purest sand. Ere Glossin had got upon his feet, the hoarse yet suppressed voice of Hatteraick growled through the recesses of the cave.

"Hagel and donner! — be'st du?"

"Are you in the dark?"

"Dark? der deyvil! ay; where should I have a glim?"

"I have brought light;" and Glossin accordingly produced a tinder-box, and lighted a small lanthorn.

"You must kindle some fire too, for hold mich der deyvil, Ich bin ganz gefrorne!" —



“It is a cold place to be sure,” said Glossin, gathering together some decayed staves of barrels and pieces of wood, which had perhaps lain in the cavern since Dirk Hatteraick was there last.

“Cold? Snow-wasser and hagel! it’s perdition — I could only keep myself alive by rambling up and down this d—d vault, and thinking about the merry rouses we have had in it.”

The flame then began to blaze sprightly, and Hatteraick hung his bronzed visage, and expanded his hard and sinewy hands over it, with an avidity resembling that of famine to which food is exposed. The light shewed his savage and stern features, and the smoke, which in his agony of cold he seemed to endure almost to suffocation, after circling round his head, rose to the dim and rugged roof of the cave, through which it escaped by some secret rents or clefts in the rock; the same doubtless that afforded air to the cavern when the tide was in, at which time the aperture to the sea was filled with water.

“And now I have brought you some breakfast,” said Glossin, producing some cold meat and a flask of spirits. The latter Hatteraick eagerly seized upon, and applied to his mouth;



and, after a hearty draught, he exclaimed with great rapture, "Das schmeckt! — That is good that warms the liver!" — Then broke into the fragment of a High-Dutch song,

"Saufen Bier und Brantewein,  
Schmeissen all' die Fenster ein;  
Ich bin liederlich,  
Du bist liederlich,  
Sind wir nicht liederlich Leute a."

"Well said, my hearty Captain!" cried Glossin, endeavouring to catch the tone of revelry, —

"Gin by pailsfuls, wine in rivers,  
Dash the window-glass to shivers!

For three wild lads were we, brave boys,  
And three wild lads were we;  
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,  
And Jack on the gallows-tree!"

"That's it, my bully-boy! Why, you're alive again now! — And now let us talk about our business."

"*Your* business, if you please," said Hatteraick; "hagel and donner! — mine was done when I got out of the bilboes."

"Have patience, my good friend; — I'll convince you our interests are just the same."



Hatteraick gave a short dry cough, and Glosin after a pause proceeded.

«How came you to let the boy escape?»

«Why, fluch and blitzen! he was no charge of mine. Lieutenant Brown gave him to his cousin that's in the Middleburgh-house of Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and told him some goose's gazette about his being taken in a skirmish with the landsharks — he gave him for a foot-boy. Me let him escape? — the bastard kinchin should have walked the plank ere I troubled myself about him.»

«Well, and was he bred a foot-boy then?»

«Nein, nein; the kinchin got about the old man's heart, and he gave him his own name, and bred him up in the office, and then sent him to India — I believe he would have packed him back here, but his nephew told him it would do up the free trade for many a day, if the youngster got back to Scotland.»

«Do you think he knows much of his own origin now?»

«Deyvil! how should I tell what he knows now? But he remembered something of it long. When he was but ten years old, he persuaded another Satan's limb of an English bastard like



himself to steal my lugger's khan — boat — what do you call it — to return to his country, as he called it — fire him! Before we could overtake them, they had the skiff out of channel as far as the Deurloo — the boat might have been lost."

"I wish to Heaven she had — with him in her!"

"Why, I was so angry myself, that, sapperment! I did give him a tip over the side — but split him — the comical little devil swam like a duck; so I made him swim astern for a mile to teach him manners, and then took him in when he was sinking. — By the knocking Nicholas! he'll plague you, now he's come over the herring-pond! When he was so high, he had the spirit of thunder and lightning."

"How did he get back from India?"

"Why, how should I know? — the house there was done up, and that gave us a shake at Middleburgh, I think — so they sent me again to see what could be done among my old acquaintances here — for we held old stories were done away and forgotten. So I had got a pretty trade on foot within the last two trips; but that stupid houndsfoot schelm, Brown, has



knocked it on the head again, I suppose, with getting himself shot by the colonel-man."

"Why were not you with them?"

"Why, you see, sapperment! I fear nothing — but it was too far within land, and I might have been scented."

"True. But to return to this youngster" —

"Ay, ay, donner and blitzen! *he's* your affair."

"— How do you really know that he is in this country?"

"Why, Gabriel saw him up among the hills."

"Gabriel? who is he?"

"A fellow from the gypsies, that, about eighteen years since, was pressed on board that d—d fellow Pritchard's sloop of war — It was he came off and gave us warning that the Shark was coming round upon us the day Kennedy was done; and he told us how Kennedy had given the information. The gypsies and Kennedy had some quarrel besides. He went to the East Indies in the same ship with your youngster, and, sapperment! knew him well, though the other did not remember him. Gab kept out of his eye though, as he had served the States against



England, and was a deserter to boot; and he sent us word directly, that we might know of his being here — though it does not concern us a rope's end."

"So he really is in this country then, Hatteraick, between friend and friend?"

"Wetter and donner, yaw! What do you take me for?"

"A blood-thirsty, fearless miscreant!" thought Glossin internally; but said aloud, "And which of your people was it that shot young Hazlewood?"

"Sturm-wetter! do ye think we were mad? — none of *us*, man — Gott! the country was too hot for the trade already with that d—d frolic of Brown."

"Why, I am told it was Brown shot Hazlewood?"

"Not our lieutenant, I promise you; for he was laid six feet deep at Derncleugh the day before the thing happened. — Tausend deyvils, man! do ye think that he could rise out of the earth to shoot another man?"



A light here began to break upon Glossin's confusion of ideas. «Did you not say that the young man, as you call him, goes by the name of Brown?»

«Of Brown? yaw — Vanbeest Brown; old Vanbeest Brown of our Vanbeest and Vanbruggen gave him his own name — he did.»

«Then,» said Glossin, rubbing his hands, «it is he, by Heaven, who has committed this crime!»

«And what have we to do with that?» answered Hatteraick.

Glossin paused, and, fertile in expedients, hastily ran over his project in his own mind, and then drew near the smuggler with a confidential air. «You know, my dear Hatteraick, it is our principal business to get rid of this young man?»

«Umh!» answered Dirk Hatteraick.

«Not,» continued Glossin — «not that I would wish any personal harm to him — if — if — if we can do without. Now, he is liable to be seized upon by justice, both as bearing the same name with your lieutenant, who was engaged in that affair at Woodbourne, and for



firing at young Hazlewood with intent to kill or wound."

"Eye, eye -- but what good will that do you? he'll be loose again so soon as he shews himself to carry other colours."

"True, my dear Dirk, well noticed, my friend Hatteraick! But there is ground enough for a temporary imprisonment till he fetch his proofs from England or elsewhere, my good friend. I understand the law, Captain Hatteraick, and I'll take it upon me, simple Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, justice of peace for the county of -- to refuse his bail, if he should offer the best in the country, until he is brought up for a second examination -- now where d'ye think I'll incarcerate him?"

"Hagel and wetter! what do I care?"

"Stay, my friend -- you do care a great deal. Do you know your goods, that were seized and carried to Woodbourne, are now lying in the custom-house at Portanferry? (a small fishing-town) -- Now I will commit this younker" --

"When you have caught him?"

"Ay, ay, when I have caught him; I shall not be long about that -- I will commit him



to the Workhouse, or Bridewell, which you know is beside the Customhouse."

"Yaw, the Rasp-house; I know it very well."

"I will take care that the red-coats are dispersed through the country; you land at night with the crew of your lugger, receive your own goods, and carry the younker Brown with you back to Flushing. Won't that do?"

"Ay, or — to America?"

"Ay, ay, my friend."

"Or — to Jericho?"

"Psha! Wherever you have a mind."

"Ay, or — pitch him overboard?"

"Nay, I advise no violence."

"Nein, nein — you leave that to me. Sturm-wetter! I know you of old. But, hark ye, what am I, Dirk Hatteraick, to be the better of this?"

"Why, is it not your interest as well as mine? — besides I set you free this morning."

"You set me free! — Donner and deyvil! I set myself free. Besides it was all in the way



of your profession, and happened a long time ago, ha, ha, ha!"

"Pshaw! pshaw! don't let us jest; I am not against making a handsome compliment — but it's your affair as well as mine."

"What do you talk of *my* affair? is it not you that keep the younker's whole estate from him? Dirk Hatteraick never touched a stiver of his rents."

"Hush — hush — I tell you it shall be a joint business."

"Why, will ye give me half the kitt?"

"What, half the estate? — d'ye mean we should set up house together at Ellangowan, and take the barony, ridge about?"

"Sturm-wetter, no! but you might give me half the value — half the gelt. Live with you? nein — I would have a lust-haus of mine own on the Middleburgh dyke, and a blumen-garten like a burgo-master's."

"Ay, and a wooden lion at the door, and a painted centinel in the garden, with a pipe in his mouth! — But, hark ye, Hatteraick; what will all the tulips, and flowergardens, and plea-



sure-houses in the Netherlands do for you, if you are hanged here in Scotland?"

Hatteraick's countenance fell. "Der deyvil! hanged?"

"Ay, hanged! mein heer Captain — The devil can scarce save Dirk Hatteraick from being hanged for a murderer and kidnapper, if the younker of Ellangowan should settle in this country, and if the gallant Captain chances to be caught here re-establishing his fair trade! And I won't say, but as peace is now so much talked of, their High Mightinesses may not hand him over to oblige their new allies, even if he remained in fader-land."

"Poz hagel blitzen and donner! I — I doubt you say true."

"Not," said Glossin, perceiving he had made the desired impression, "not that I am against being civil;" and he slid into Hatteraick's passive hand a bank-note of some value.

"Is this all?" said the smuggler; "you had the price of half a cargo for winking at our job, and made us do your business too."

"But, my good friend, you forget — in this case you will recover all your own goods."



“Ay, at the risk of all our own necks — we could do that without you.”

“I doubt that, Captain Hatteraick, because you would probably find a dozen red-coats at the custom-house. Come, come, I will be as liberal as I can, but you should have a conscience.”

“Now strafe mich der deyfel! — this provokes me more than all the rest! — You rob and you murder, and you want me to rob and murder, and play the silver-cooper, or kidnapper, as you call it, a dozen times over, and then, hagel and wind-sturm! you speak to me of conscience! — Can you think of no fairer way of getting rid of this unlucky lad?”

“No, mein heer; but as I commit him to your charge” —

“To *my* charge — to the charge of steel and gunpowder! and — well, if it must be, it must — but you have a good guess what’s like to come of it.”

“O, my dear friend, I trust no degree of severity will be necessary.”

“Severity!” said the fellow, with a kind of groan, “I wish you had had my dreams when



I first came to this dog-hole, and tried to sleep among the dry sea-weed. — First there was that d—d fellow there with his broken back, sprawling as he did when I hurled the rock over a-top on un — ha, ha! you would have sworn he was lying on the floor where you stand, wriggling like a crushed frog — and then” —

“Nay, my friend, what signifies going over this nonsense? — if you are turned chicken-hearted, why the game’s up, that’s all — the game’s up with us both.”

“Chicken-hearted? — No. I have not lived so long upon the account to start at last, neither for devil nor Dutchman.”

“Well, then, take another schnaps — the cold’s at your heart still. — And now tell me, are any of your old crew with you?”

“Nein — all dead, hanged, drowned, and damned. Brown was the last — all dead but Gypsy Gab, and he would go off the country for a spill of money — or he’ll be quiet for his own sake — or old Meg, his aunt, will keep him quiet for her’s.”

“Which Meg?”

“Meg Merrilies, the old devil’s limb of a gypsy witch.”



“Is she still alive?”

“Yaw.”

“And in this country?”

“And in this country. She was at the Kaim of Derncleugh, at Vanbeest Brown’s last wake, as they call it, the other night, with two of my people, and some of her own blasted gypsies.”

“That’s another breaker a-head, Captain! Will she not squeak, think ye?”

“Not she — she wont start — she swore by the salmon, if we did the kinchin no harm, she would never tell how the gauger got it. Why, man, though I gave her a wipe with my hanger in the heat of the matter, and cut her arm, and though she was so long after in trouble about it up at your borough-town there, der deyvil! old Meg was as true as steel.”

“Why, that’s true as you say. And yet if she could be carried over to Zealand, or Ham-burgh, or — or — any where else, you know, it were as well.”

Hatteraick jumped upright upon his feet, and looked at Glossin from head to heel. — “I don’t see the goat’s foot,” he said, “and yet he must be the very deyvil! — But Meg Merrilies is



closer yet with the Kobold than you are — ay, and I had never such weather as after having drawn her blood. — Nein, nein — I'll meddle with her no more — she's a witch of the fiend — a real deyvil's kind — but that's her affair. Donner and wetter! I'll neither make nor meddle — that's her work. — But for the rest — why, if I thought the trade would not suffer, I would soon rid you of the younker, if you send me word when he's under embargo."

In brief and under tones the two worthy associates concerted their enterprize, and agreed at which of his haunts Hatteraick should be heard of. The stay of his lugger on the coast was not difficult, as there were no king's vessels there at the time.



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## CHAPTER XXXV.

*You are one of those that will not serve God  
if the devil bids you — Because we come to  
do you service, you think we are ruffians.*

OTHELLO.

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WHEN Glossin returned home, he found, among other letters and papers sent to him, one of considerable importance. It was signed by Mr Protocol, an attorney in Edinburgh, and, addressing him as the agent for Godfrey Bertram, Esq. late of Ellangowan, and his representatives, acquainted him with the sudden death of Mrs Margaret Bertram of Singleside, requesting him to inform his clients thereof, in case they should judge it proper to have any person present for their interest, at opening the repositories of the deceased. Mr Glossin perceived at once that the letter-writer was unacquainted with the breach which had taken place between him and his late patron. The estate of the deceased lady



should by rights, as he well knew, descend to Lucy Bertram; but it was a thousand to one that the caprice of the old lady might have altered its destination. After running over contingencies and probabilities in his fertile mind, to ascertain what sort of personal advantage might accrue to him from this incident, he could not perceive any mode of availing himself of it, except in so far as it might go to assist his plan of recovering, or rather creating a character, the want of which he had already experienced, and was likely to feel yet more deeply. "I must place myself," he thought, "on strong ground, that, if anything goes wrong with Dirk Hatteraick's project, I may have prepossessions in my favour at least." — Besides, to do Glossin justice, bad as he was, he might feel some desire to compensate to Miss Bertram in a small degree, and in a case in which his own interest did not interfere with hers, the infinite mischief which he had occasioned to her family. He therefore resolved early the next morning to ride over to Woodbourne.

It was not without hesitation that he took this step, having the natural reluctance to face Colonel Mannering, which fraud and villainy have to encounter honour and probity. But he had great confidence in his own *savoir faire*.



His talents were naturally acute, and by no means confined to the line of his profession. He had at different times resided a good deal in England, and his address was free both from country rusticity and professional pedantry; so that he had considerable powers both of address and persuasion, joined to an unshaken effrontery, which he affected to disguise under plainness of manner. Confident, therefore, in himself, he appeared at Woodbourne, about ten in the morning, and was admitted as a gentleman come to wait upon Miss Bertram.

He did not announce himself until he was at the door of the breakfast parlour, when the servant, by his desire, said aloud, "Mr Glossin, to wait upon Miss Bertram." — Lucy, remembering the last scene of her father's existence, turned as pale as death, and had well nigh fallen from her chair. Julia Mannering flew to her assistance, and they left the room together. There remained Colonel Mannering, Charles Hazlewood, with his arm in a sling, and the Dominie, whose gaunt visage and wall-eyes assumed a most hostile aspect upon recognising Glossin.

That honest gentleman, though somewhat abashed by the effect of his first introduction, advanced with confidence, and hoped he did



not intrude upon the ladies. Colonel Mannering, in a very upright and stately manner, observed, that he did not know to what he was to impute the honour of a visit from Mr Glossin.

“Hem! hem! I took the liberty to wait upon Miss Bertram, Colonel Mannering, on account of a matter of business.”

“If it can be communicated to Mr Mac-Morlan, her agent, I believe it will be more agreeable to Miss Bertram.”

“I beg pardon, Colonel Mannering; — you are a man of the world — there are some cases in which it is most prudent for all parties to treat with principals.”

“Then, if Mr Glossin will take the trouble to state his object in a letter, I will answer that Miss Bertram pays proper attention to it.”

“Certainly — but there are cases in which a *viva voce* conference — I perceive — I know Colonel Mannering has adopted some prejudices which may make my visit appear intrusive; but I submit to his good sense, whether he ought to exclude me from a hearing without knowing the purpose of my visit, or of how much consequence it may be to the young lady whom he honours with his protection.”



"Certainly, sir, I have not the least intention to do so. I will learn Miss Bertram's pleasure upon the subject, and acquaint Mr Glossin, if he can spare time to wait for her answer." So saying, he left the room.

Glossin had still remained standing in the midst of the apartment. Colonel Mannering had made not the slightest motion to invite him to sit, and indeed had remained standing himself during their short interview. When he left the room, however, Glossin seized upon a chair, and threw himself into it with an air between embarrassment and effrontery. He felt the silence of his companions disconcerting and oppressive, and resolved to interrupt it.

"A fine day, Mr Sampson."

The Dominie answered with something between an acquiescent grunt and an indignant groan.

"You never come down to see your old acquaintances on the Ellangowan property, Mr Sampson — You would find most of the old stagers still stationary there. I have too much respect for the late family to disturb old residents, even under pretence of improvement. Besides it's not my way — I don't like it — I believe, Mr Sampson, Scripture particularly con-



demns those who oppress the poor, and remove land-marks."

"Or who devour the substance of orphans," subjoined the Dominie. "Anathema, Maranatha!" So saying, he rose, shouldered the folio which he had been perusing, faced to the right about, and marched out of the room with the strides of a grenadier.

Mr Glossin, no way disconcerted, or at least feeling it necessary not to appear so, turned to young Hazlewood, who was apparently busy with the newspaper. "Any news, sir?" — Hazlewood raised his eyes, looked at him, and pushed the paper towards him, as if to a stranger in a coffeehouse, then rose, and was about to leave the room. "I beg pardon, Mr Hazlewood — but I can't help wishing you joy of getting so easily over that infernal accident." — This was answered by a sort of inclination of the head as slight and stiff as could well be imagined. Yet it encouraged our man of law to proceed. "I can promise you, Mr Hazlewood, few people have taken the interest in that matter which I have done, both for the sake of the country, and on account of my particular respect for your family, which has so high a stake in it — indeed, so very high a stake, that, as Mr Featherhead is turning old now, and as there's a



talk, since his last stroke, of his taking the Chiltern Hundreds, it might be worth your while to look about you. — I speak as a friend, Mr Hazlewood, and as one who understands the roll; and if in going over it together" —

"I beg pardon, sir, but I have no views in which your assistance could be useful."

"O very well — perhaps you are right — it's quite time enough, and I love to see a young gentleman cautious. But I was talking of your wound — I think I have got a clue to that business — I think I have — and if I don't bring the fellow to condign punishment!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, once more — but your zeal outruns my wishes. I have every reason to think the wound was accidental — certainly it was not premeditated. Against ingratitude and premeditated treachery, should you find any one guilty of them, my resentment will be as warm as your own."

Another rebuff, thought Glossin; I must try him upon the other tack. — "Right, sir; very nobly said! I would have no more mercy on an ungrateful man than I would on a woodcock — And now we talk of sport, (this was a sort of diverting of the conversation which Glossin had learned from his former patron) I see you



often carry a gun, and I hope you will be soon able to take the field again. I observe you confine yourself always to your own side of the Hazleshaws-burn. I hope, my dear sir, you will make no scruple of following your game to the Ellangowan bank: I believe it is rather the best exposure of the two for woodcocks, although both are capital."

As this offer only excited a cold and constrained bow, Glossin was obliged to remain silent, and was presently afterwards somewhat relieved by the entrance of Colonel Mannering.

"I have detained you some time, I fear, sir," said he, addressing Glossin; "I wished to prevail upon Miss Bertram to see you, as, in my opinion, her objections ought to give way to the necessity of hearing in her own person what may be of importance that she should know. But I find that circumstances of recent occurrence, and not easily to be forgotten, have rendered her so utterly repugnant to a personal interview with Mr Glossin, that it would be cruelty to insist upon it: and she has deputed me to receive his commands, or proposal, or, in short, whatever he may wish to say to her."

"Hem, hem! I am sorry, sir — I am very sorry, Colonel Mannering, that Miss Bertram



should suppose — that any prejudice, in short — or idea that any thing on my part” —

“Sir, where no accusation is made, excuses or explanations are unnecessary. Have you any objection to communicate to me, as Miss Bertram’s temporary guardian, the circumstances which you conceive to interest her?”

“None, Colonel Mannering; she could not chuse a more respectable friend, or one with whom I, in particular, would more anxiously wish to communicate frankly.”

“Have the goodness to speak to the point, sir, if you please.”

“Why, sir, it is not so easy all at once — but Mr Hazlewood need not leave the room, — I mean so well to Miss Bertram, that I could wish the whole world to hear my part of the conference.”

“My friend Mr Charles Hazlewood will not probably be anxious, Mr Glossin, to listen to what cannot concern him — and now when he has left us alone, let me pray you to be short and explicit in what you have to say. I am a soldier, sir, somewhat impatient of forms and introductions.” So saying, he drew himself up in his chair, and waited for Mr Glossin’s communication.



“Be pleased to look at that letter.”

The Colonel read it, and returned it, after pencilling the name of the writer in his memorandum-book. “This, sir, does not seem to require much discussion — I will see that Miss Bertram’s interest is attended to.”

“But, sir, — but, Colonel Mannering, there is another matter which no one can explain but myself. This lady — this Mrs Margaret Bertram, to my certain knowledge, made a general settlement of her affairs in Miss Lucy Bertram’s favour while she lived with my old friend, Mr Bertram, at Ellangowan. The Dominie — that was the name by which my deceased friend always called that very respectable man Mr Sampson — he and I witnessed the deed. And she had full power at that time to make such a settlement, for she was in fee of the estate of Singleside even then, although it was life-rented by an elder sister. It was a whimsical settlement of old Singleside’s, sir; he pitted the two cats his daughters against each other, ha, ha!”

“Well, sir, — but to the purpose. You say that this lady had power to settle her estate on Miss Bertram, and that she did so?”



“Even so, Colonel — I think I should understand the law — I have followed it for many years, and though I have given it up to retire upon a handsome competence, I did not throw away that knowledge which is better than house and land, and which I take to be the knowledge of the law, since, as our common rhyme has it,

’Tis most excellent

To win the land that’s gone and spent.

No, no, I love the smack of the whip — I have a little, a very little law yet, at the service of my friends.”

Glossin ran on in this manner, thinking he had made a favourable impression on Manner-  
ing. The Colonel indeed reflected that this might be a most important crisis for Miss Bertram’s interest, and resolved that his strong inclination to throw Glossin out at window, or at door, should not interfere with it. He put a strong curb on his temper, and resolved to listen with patience at least, if without complacence. He therefore let Mr Glossin get to the end of his self-congratulations, and then asked him if he knew where the deed was?

“I know — that is, I think — I believe I



can recover it — In such cases custodiers have sometimes made a charge ”

“We won’t differ as to that, sir,” said the Colonel, taking out his pocket book.

“But, my dear sir, you take me so very short — I said *some persons might* make such a claim — I mean for payment of the expences of the deed, trouble in the affair, etc. But I, for my own part, only wish Miss Bertram and her friends to be satisfied that I am acting towards her with honour. There’s the paper, sir! It would have been a satisfaction to me to have delivered it into Miss Bertram’s own hands, and to have wished her joy of the prospects which it opens. But since her prejudices on the subject are invincible, it only remains for me to transmit her my best wishes through you, Colonel Mannering, and to express that I shall willingly give my testimony in support of that deed when I shall be called upon. I have the honour to wish you a good morning, sir.”

This parting speech was so well got up, and had so much the tone of conscious integrity unjustly suspected, that even Colonel Mannering was staggered in his bad opinion. He followed him two or three steps, and took leave of him with more politeness (though still cold



and formal) than he had paid during his visit. Glossin left the house half pleased with the impression he had made, half mortified by the stern caution and proud reluctance with which he had been received. «Colonel Mannering might have had more politeness,” he said to himself — «it is not every man that can bring a good chance of 400*l.* a-year to a pennyless girl. Singleside must be up to 400*l.* a-year now — there’s Reilageganbeg, Gillifidget, Loverless, Liealone, and the Spinster’s Knowe — good 400*l.* a-year. Some people might have made their own of it in my place — and yet, to own the truth, after much consideration, I don’t see how that is possible.”

Glossin was no sooner mounted and gone, than the Colonel dispatched a groom for Mr Mac-Morlan, and, putting the deed into his hand, requested to know if it was likely to be available to his friend Lucy Bertram. Mac-Morlan perused it with eyes that sparkled with delight, snapped his fingers repeatedly, and at length exclaimed, «Available! — it’s as tight as a glove — naebody could make better wark than Glossin, when he did na let down a steek on purpose — but (his countenance falling) the auld b —, that I should say so, might alter at pleasure.”



“How shall we know that?”

“Somebody must attend on Miss Bertram’s part, when the repositories of the deceased are opened.”

“Can you go?”

“I fear not — I must attend a jury trial before our court.”

“Then I will go myself — I’ll set out to-morrow. Sampson shall go with me — he is witness to this settlement. But I shall want a legal adviser?”

“The gentleman that was lately sheriff of this county is high in reputation; I will give you a card of introduction to him.”

“What I like about you, Mr Mac-Morlan,” said the Colonel, “is, that you always come straight to the point. Let me have it instantly — shall we tell Miss Lucy her chance of becoming an heiress?”

“Surely, because you must have some powers from her, which I will instantly draw out. Besides, I will be caution for her prudence, and that she will consider it only in the light of a chance.”



Mac-Morlan judged well. It could not be discerned from Miss Bertram's manner, that she founded exulting expectations upon the prospect thus unexpectedly opening before her. She did indeed, in the course of the evening, ask Mr Mac-Morlan, as if by accident, what might be the annual income of the Hazlewood property; but shall we therefore aver for certain that she was considering whether an heiress of four hundred a-year might be a suitable match for the young Laird?

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

*Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes
look red — For I must speak in passion,
and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.*

HENRY IV. Part. I.

MANNERING, with Sampson for his companion, lost no time in his journey to Edinburgh. They travelled in the Colonel's post-chariot, who, knowing his companion's habits of abstraction, did not chuse to give him out of his own sight, far less to trust him upon horseback, where, in all probability, a knavish stable-boy might with little address have contrived to mount him with his face to the tail. Accordingly, with the aid of his valet, who attended on horseback, he contrived to bring Mr Sampson safe to an inn in Edinburgh, — for hotels in these days there were none, — without any

other accident than arose from his straying twice upon the road. Upon one occasion he was recovered by Barnes, who understood his humour, when, after engaging in close colloquy with the schoolmaster of Moffat, respecting a disputed quantity in Horace's 7th Ode, Book II., the dispute led on to another controversy, concerning the exact meaning of the word *Malobathro*, in that lyric effusion. His other escapade was made for the purpose of visiting the field of Rullion-green, which was dear to his presbyterian predilections. Having got out of the carriage for an instant, he saw the sepulchral monument of the slain at the distance of about a mile, and was arrested by Barnes in his progress up the Pentland hills, having on both occasions forgot his friend, patron, and fellow-traveller, as completely, as if he had been in the East Indies. On being reminded that Colonel Mannering was waiting for him, he uttered his usual ejaculation of «Prodigious! — I was oblivious,” and then strode back to his post. Barnes was surprised at his master's patience on both occasions, knowing by experience how little he brooked neglect or delay; but the Dominie was in every respect a privileged person. His patron and he were never for a moment in each other's way, and it seemed obvious that they were

formed to be companions through life. If Mannering wanted a particular book, the Dominie could bring it; if he wished to have accounts summed up, or checked, his assistance was equally ready; if he desired to recall a particular passage in the classics, he could have recourse to the Dominie as to a Dictionary; and all the while, this walking statue was neither presuming when noticed, nor sulky when left to himself. To a proud, shy, reserved man, and such in many respects was Mannering, this sort of living catalogue, and animated automaton, had all the advantages of a literary dumbwaiter.

So soon as they arrived in Edinburgh, and were established at the George Inn near Bristoport, (I love to be particular,) the Colonel desired the waiter to procure him a guide to Mr Pleydell's, the advocate, for whom he had a letter of introduction from Mr Mac-Morlan. He then commanded Barnes to have an eye to the Dominie, and walked forth with a chairman, who was to usher him to the man of law.

The period was near the end of the American war. The desire of room, of air, and of decent accommodation, had not as yet made very much progress in the capital of Scotland. Some efforts had been made upon the south

side of the town towards building houses *within themselves*, as they are emphatically termed; and the New Town on the north, since so much extended, was then just commenced. But the great bulk of the better classes, and particularly those connected with the law, still lived in flats or dungeons of the Old Town. The manners also of some of the veterans of the law had not admitted innovation. One or two eminent lawyers still saw their clients in taverns, as was the general custom fifty years before; and although their habits were already considered as oldfashioned by the younger barristers, yet the custom of mixing wine and revelry with serious business, was still maintained by those senior counsellors, who loved the old road, either because it was such, or because they had got too well used to it to travel any other. Among these praisers of the past time, who with ostentatious obstinacy affected the manners of a former generation, was this same Paulus Pleydel, Esq. otherwise a good scholar, an excellent lawyer, and a worthy man.

Under the guidance of his trusty attendant, Colonel Mannering, after treading a dark lane or two, reached the High-street, then clanging with the voices of oyster-women and the bells

of pyemen, for it had, as his guide assured him, just "chappit eight upon the Tron." It was long since Mannering had been in the street of a crowded metropolis, which, with its noise and clamour, its sounds of trade, of revelry, and of license, its variety of lights, and the eternally changing bustle of its hundred groupes, offers, by night especially, a spectacle, which, though composed of the most vulgar materials when they are separately considered, has, when they are combined, a striking and powerful effect upon the imagination. The extraordinary height of the houses was marked by lights, which, glimmering irregularly along their front, ascended so high among the attics, that they seemed at length to twinkle in the middle sky. This coup-d'œil, which still subsists in a certain degree, was then more striking, owing to the uninterrupted range of buildings on each side, which, broken only at the space where the North Bridge joins the main street, formed a superb and uniform Place, extending from the front of the Luckenbooths to the head of the Canongate, and corresponding in breadth and length to the uncommon height of the buildings on either side.

Mannering had not much time to look and to admire. His conductor hurried him across

this striking scene, and suddenly dived with him into a very steep paved lane. Turning to the right, they entered a scale stair-case, as it is called, the state of which, so far as it could be judged of by one of his senses, annoyed Mannering's delicacy not a little. When they had ascended cautiously to a considerable height, they heard a heavy rap at a door, still two stories above them. The door opened, and immediately ensued the sharp and worrying bark of a dog, the squalling of a woman, the screams of an assaulted cat, and the hoarse voice of a man, who cried in a most imperative tone, "Will ye, Mustard! Will ye! down, sir, down!"

"Lord preserve us!" said the female voice, "an he had worried our cat, Mr Pleydell would ne'er hae forgien me!"

"Aweel, my doo, the cat's no a prin the waur — So he's no in, ye say?"

"Na, Mr Pleydell's ne'er in the house on Saturday."

"And the morn's Sabbath too," said the querist; "I dinna ken what will be done."

By this time Mannering appeared, and found a tall strong countryman, clad in a coat of

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pepper-and-salt-coloured mixture, with huge metal buttons, a glazed hat and boots, and a large horse-whip beneath his arm, in colloquy with a slip-shod damsel, who had in one hand the lock of the door, and in the other a pail of whiting, or *camstane*, as it is called, mixed with water — a circumstance which indicates Saturday night in Edinburgh.

“So Mr Pleydell is not at home, my good girl?” said Mannering.

“Ay, sir, he’s at hame, but he’s no in the house: he’s aye out on Saturday at e’en.”

“But, my good girl, I am a stranger, and my business express — Will you tell me where I can find him?”

“His honour,” said the chairman, “will be at Clerihugh’s about this time — Hersell could hae tell’d ye that, but she thought ye wanted to see his house.”

“Well, then, shew me to this tavern — I suppose he will see me, as I come on business of some consequence?”

“I dinna ken, sir,” said the girl, “he does nae like to be disturbed on Saturdays wi’ business — but he’s aye civil to strangers.”

“I’ll gang to the tavern too,” said our friend Dinmont, “for I am a stranger and on business e’en sic like.”

“Na,” said the hand-maiden, “an he see the gentleman, he’ll see the simple body too — but, Lord’s sake, dinna say it was me sent ye there.”

“Atweel, I am a simple body that’s true, hinny, but I am no come to steal ony o’ his skill for naething,” said the farmer in his honest pride, and strutted away down stairs, followed by Mannering and the cadie. Mannering could not help admiring the determined stride with which the stranger who preceded them divided the press, shouldering from him, by the mere weight and impetus of his motion, both drunk and sober passengers. “He’ll be a Teviotdale tup tat ane,” said the chairman, “tat’s for keeping ta crown o’ ta causeway tat gate — he’ll no gang far or he’ll get somebody to bell ta cat wi’ him.”

His shrewd augury, however, was not fulfilled. Those who recoiled from the colossal weight of Dinmont, upon looking up at his size and strength, apparently judged him too heavy metal to be rashly encountered, and suffered him to pursue his course unchallenged.

Following in the wake of this first-rate, Mannering proceeded till the farmer made a pause, and, looking back to the chairman, said, "I'm thinking this will be the close, friend?"

"Ay, ay," replied Donald, "tat's ta close."

Dinmont descended confidently, then turned into a dark alley — then up a dark stair — and then into an open door. While he was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collie dogs, Mannering looked round him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession, and good society, should chuse such a scene for social indulgence. Besides the miserable entrance, the house itself seemed paltry and half ruinous. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a little light during the day-time, and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more especially towards evening. Corresponding to this window was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communication with the free air, but received in the day-time, at second hand, such straggling and obscure light as found its way from the lane through the window opposite. At present the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own huge fires — a sort of

Pandæmonium, where men and women, half undressed, were busied in baking, broiling, roasting oysters, and preparing devils on the gridiron; the mistress of the place, with her shoes slip-shod, and her hair straggling like that of Mægera from under a round eared cap, toiling, scolding, receiving orders, giving them, and obeying them all at once, seemed the mistress enchantress of that gloomy and fiery region.

Loud and repeated bursts of laughter from different quarters of the house proved that her labours were acceptable, and not unrewarded by a generous public. With some difficulty a waiter was prevailed upon to show Colonel Mannering and Dinmont the room where their friend, learned in the law, held his hebdomadal carousals. The scene which it exhibited, and particularly the attitude of the counsellor himself, the principal figure therein, struck his two clients with astonishment.

Mr Pleydell was a lively sharp-looking gentleman, with a professional shrewdness in his eye, and, generally speaking, a professional formality in his manners. But this, like his three-tailed wig and black coat, he could slip off on a Saturday evening when surrounded by a

party of jolly companions, and disposed for what he called his altitudes. Upon the present occasion, the revel had lasted since four o'clock, and, at length, under the direction of a venerable compotator, who had shared the sports and festivity of three generations, the frolicsome company had begun to practise the ancient and now forgotten pastime of *High Jinks*. This game was played in several different ways. Most frequently the dice were thrown by the company, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain, for a time, a certain fictitious character, or to repeat a certain number of fescennine verses in a particular order. If they departed from the characters assigned, or if their memory proved treacherous in the repetition, they incurred forfeits, which were either compounded for by swallowing an additional bumper, or by paying a small sum towards the reckoning. At this sport the jovial company were closely set when Mannering entered the room.

Mr Counsellor Pleydell, such as we have described him, was enthroned, as a monarch, in an elbow-chair placed on the dining table, his scratch wig on one side, his head crowned with a bottle-slider, his eye leering with an expression betwixt fun and the effects of wine,

while his court around him resounded with such crambo scraps of verse as these:

Where is Gerunto now? and what's become
of him?

Gerunto's dead because he could not swim,
etc. etc.

Such, O Themis, were anciently the sports
of thy Scottish children! Dinmont was first in
the room. He stood aghast a moment — and
then exclaimed, "It's him, sure enough —
Deil o' the like o' that ever I saw!"

At the sound of "Mr Dinmont and Colonel
Mannering wanting to speak to you, sir,"
Pleydell turned his head, and blushed a little
when he saw the very genteel figure of the
English stranger. He was, however, of the
opinion of Falstaff, "Out, ye villains, play out
the play!" wisely judging it the better way to
appear totally unconcerned. "Where be our
guards?" exclaimed this second Justinian;
"see ye not a stranger knight from foreign parts
arrived at this our court of Holyrood, — with
our bold yeoman Andrew Dinmont, who has
succeeded to the keeping of our royal flocks
within the forest of Jedwood, where, thanks to
our royal care in the administration of justice,

they feed as safe as if they were within the bounds of Fife? Where be our heralds, our pursuivants, our Lyon, our Marchmount, our Carrick, and our Snowdown? — Let the strangers be placed at our board, and regaled as beseemeth their quality, and this our high holiday — to-morrow we will hear their tidings."

"So please you, my liege, to-morrow's Sunday," said one of the company.

"Sunday, is it? then we will give no offence to the assembly of the kirk — on Monday shall be their audience."

Mannering, who had stood at first uncertain whether to advance or retreat, now resolved to enter for the moment into the whim of the scene, though internally fretting at Mac-Morlan, for sending him to consult with a crack-brained humourist. He therefore advanced with three profound congees, and craved permission to lay his credentials at the feet of the Scottish monarch, in order to be perused at his best leisure. The gravity with which he accommodated himself to the humour of the moment, and the deep and humble inclination with which he at first declined, and then accepted, a seat presented by the master of the

ceremonies, procured him three rounds of applause.

“Deil hae me, if they arena a’ mad thegither!” said Dinmont, occupying with less ceremony a seat at the bottom of the table, “or else they hae ta’en Yule before it comes, and are gaun a-guisarding.”

A large glass of claret was offered to Mannering, who drank it to the health of the reigning monarch. “You are, I presume to guess,” said the monarch, “that celebrated Sir Miles Mannering, so renowned in the French wars, and may well pronounce to us if the wines of Gascony lose their flavour in our more northern realm.”

Mannering, agreeably flattered by this allusion to the fame of his celebrated ancestor, replied, by professing himself only a distant relation of the preux chevalier, and added, “that in his opinion the wine was superlatively good.”

“It’s ower cauld for my stomach,” said Dinmont, setting down the glass, (empty however.)

“We will correct that quality,” answered King Paulus, the first of the name; “we have

not forgotten that the moist and humid air of our valley of Liddel inclines to stronger potations. — Seneschal, let our faithful yeoman have a cup of brandy; it will be more german to the matter.”

“And now,” said Mannering, “since we have unwarily intruded upon your majesty at a moment of mirthful retirement, be pleased to say when you will indulge a stranger with an audience on those affairs of weight which have brought him to your northern capital.”

The monarch opened Mac-Morlan’s letter, and running it hastily over, exclaimed, with his natural voice and manner, “Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, poor dear lassie!”

“A forfeit! a forfeit!” exclaimed a dozen voices; “his majesty has forgot his kingly character.”

“Not a whit! not a whit!” replied the king; “I’ll be judged by this courteous knight. May not a monarch love a maid of low degree? Is not King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, an adjudged case in point?”

“Professional! professional! — another forfeit,” exclaimed the tumultuary nobility.

“Had not our royal predecessors,” continued the monarch, exalting his sovereign voice to drown these disaffected clamours — “Had they not their Jean Logies, their Bessie Carmichaels, their Oliphants, their Sandilands, and their Weirs, and shall it be denied to us even to name a maiden whom we delight to honour? Nay, then, sink state and perish sovereignty! for, like a second Charles V., we will abdicate, and seek in the private shades of life those pleasures which are denied to a throne.”

So saying, he flung away his crown, sprung from his exalted station with more agility than could have been expected from his age, ordered lights and a wash-hand basin and towel, with a cup of green tea, into another room, and made a sign to Mannering to accompany him. In less than two minutes he washed his face and hands, settled his wig in the glass, and, to Mannering's great surprise, looked perfectly a different man from the childish Bacchanal he had seen a moment before.

“There are folks,” he said, “Mr Mannering, before whom one should take care how they play the fool — because they have either too much malice, or too little wit, as the poet says. The best compliment I can pay Colonel Mannering, is to shew I am not ashamed to

expose myself before him — and truly I think it is a compliment I have not spared to-night upon your good nature — But what's that great strong fellow wanting?"

Dinmont, who had pushed after Mannering into the room, began with a scrape with his foot and a scratch of his head in unison. "I am Dandie Dinmont, sir, of the Charlies-hope — the Liddesdale lad — ye'll mind me? — it was for me ye won yon grand plea."

"What plea, ye loggerhead? d'ye think I can remember all the fools that come to plague me?"

"Lord, sir, it was the grand plea about the grazing o' the Langtae-head!"

"Well, curse thee, never mind; give me the memorial and come to me on Monday at ten."

"But, sir, I haena got ony distinct memorial."

"No memorial, man?"

"Na, sir, nae memorial! for your honour said before, Mr Pleydell, ye'll mind, that ye liked best to hear us hill-folk tell our ain tale by word o' mouth."

“Beshrew my tongue, that said so! it will cost my ears a dinning — well, say in two words what you’ve got to say — you see the gentleman waits.”

“Ou, sir, if the gentleman likes he may play his ain spring first; it’s a’ ane to Dandie.”

“Now, you looby, cannot you conceive that your business can be nothing to him, but that he may not chuse to have these great ears of thine regaled with his matters?”

“Aweel, sir, just as you and he like — so ye see to my business. We’re at the auld wark o’ the marches again, Jock o’ Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o’ Touthop-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool, and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cut-lugged stane, that they ca’ Charlies Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlies hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o’ the hill where the wind and water shears; but Jock o’ Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds down by the auld drove road that gaes awa’ by the Knot

o' the Gate ower to Keeldar - ward — and that makes an unco difference."

"And what difference does it make, friend? How many sheep will it feed?"

"Ou, no mony — it's lying high and exposed — it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year."

"And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?"

"Na, sir, it's no for the value of the grass — it's for justice."

"My good friend, justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter."

Dinmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand — "It's no for that, sir — but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him — he threeps he'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair — and I'm sure there's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days upon the Charlies hope, and wad na like to see the land lose its right."

“Zounds, man, if it be a point of honour, why don’t your landlords take it up?”

“I dinna ken, sir, (scratching his head) there’s been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and me canna get them to yoke thegither about it a’ that we can say — but if ye thought we might keep up the rent” —

“No! no! that will never do — confound you, why don’t you take good cudgels and settle it?”

“Odd, sir, we tried that three times already — that’s twice on the land and ance at Lockerbye fair. — But I dinna ken — we’re baith gay good at single-stick, and it could na weel be judged.”

“Then take broad-swords, and be d — d to you, as your fathers did before you.”

“Aweel, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it’s a’ ane to Dandie.”

“Hold! hold! we shall have another Lord Soulis’ mistake — Pr’ythee, man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a law-suit you wish to engage in.”

“Ay, sir? So ye winna take on wi’ me, I’m doubting.”

“Me! not I — go home, go home, take a pint and agree.” Dandie looked but half contented, and still remained stationary. “Any thing more, my friend?”

“Only, sir, about the succession of this leddy that’s dead, auld Miss Margaret Bertram o’ Singleside.”

“Ay, what about her?” said the counsellor, rather surprised.

“Ou, we have nae connexion at a’ wi’ the Bertrams — they were grand folk by the like o’ us — But Jean Liltup, that was auld Singleside’s housekeeper, and the mother of these twa young ladies that are gane — the last o’ them’s dead at a ripe age, I trow — Jean Liltup came out o’ Liddel water, and she was as near our connexion as second cousin to my mother’s half-sister — She drew up wi’ Singleside, nae doubt, when she was his housekeeper, and it was a sair vex and grief to a’ her kith and kin. But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the kirk — and now I wad ken frae you if we hae not some claim by law?”

“Not the shadow.”

“Aweel, we’re nae puirer — but she may hae though on us if she was minded to make

a testament. — Weel, sir, I've said my say — I'se e'en wish you good night, and" — putting his hand in his pocket.

"No, no, my friend; I never take fees on Saturday nights, or without a memorial — away with you, Dandie." And Dandie made his reverence, and departed accordingly.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

*But this poor farce has neither truth nor art,
To please the fancy or to touch the heart;
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle, moves the cumbrous
scene,*

*Presents no objects tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.*

Parish Register.

„YOUR majesty,” said Mannering, laughing,
„has solemnized your abdication by an act of
mercy and charity — That fellow will scarce
think of going to law.”

„O, you are quite wrong — The only difference is, I have lost my client, and my fee. He'll never rest till he finds somebody to encourage him to commit the folly he has pre-determined — No! no! I have only shewn you another weakness of my character — I always speak truth of a Saturday night.”

“And sometimes through the week, I should think,” said Mannering, continuing the same tone.

“Why, yes; as far as my vocation will permit. I am, as Hamlet says, indifferent honest, when my clients and their solicitors do not make me the medium of conveying their double-distilled lies to the bench. But *oportet vivere*! it is a sad thing. — And now to our business. I am glad my old friend Mac-Morlan has sent you to me; he is an active, honest, and intelligent man, long sheriff-substitute of the county of — under me, and still holds the office. He knows I have a regard for that unfortunate family of Ellangowan, and for poor Lucy. I have not seen her since she was twelve years old, and she was then a sweet pretty girl under the management of a very silly father. But my interest in her is of an early date. I was called upon, Mr Mannering, being then sheriff of that county, to investigate the particulars of a murder which had been committed near Ellangowan the day on which this poor child was born; and which, by a strange combination which I was unhappily not able to trace, involved the death or abstraction of her only brother, a boy of about five years old. No, Colonel, I shall never forget the misery of the house of Ellangowan that

morning! — the father half-distracted — the mother dead in premature travail — the helpless infant, with scarce any one to attend it, coming wawling and crying into this miserable world at such a moment of unutterable misery. We lawyers are not of iron, sir, or of brass, any more than you soldiers are of steel. We are conversant with the crimes and distresses of civil society, as you are with those that occur in a state of war, and to do our duty in either case a little apathy is perhaps necessary — but the devil take a soldier whose heart can be as hard as his sword, and his dam take the lawyer who bronzes his bosom instead of his forehead! — But come, I am losing my Saturday at e'en — will you have the kindness to trust me with these papers which relate to Miss Bertram's business? — and stay — tomorrow you'll take a bachelor's dinner with an old lawyer, — I insist upon it, at three precisely — and come half an hour sooner. — The old lady is to be buried on Monday; it is the orphan's cause, and we'll borrow an hour from the Sunday to talk over this business — although I fear nothing can be done if she has altered her settlement — unless perhaps it occurs within the sixty days, and then if Miss Bertram can shew that she possesses the character of heir-at-law, why —

“But, hark! my lieges are impatient of their *interregnum* — I do not invite you to rejoin us, Colonel, it would be a trespass on your complaisance, unless you had begun the day with us, and gradually glided on from wisdom to mirth, and from mirth to — to — to — extravagance. — Good night — Harry, go home with Mr Mannering to his lodging — Colonel, I expect you at a little past two to-morrow.” —

The Colonel returned home, equally surprised at the childish frolics in which he had found his learned counsellor engaged, at the candour and sound sense which he had in a moment summoned up to meet the exigencies of his profession, and at the tone of feeling which he displayed when he spoke of the friendless orphan.

In the morning, while the Colonel and his most quiet and silent of all retainers, Dominie Sampson, were finishing the breakfast which Barnes had made and poured out, after the Dominie had scalded himself in the attempt, Mr Pleydell was suddenly ushered in. A nicely-dressed bob-wig, upon every hair of which a zealous and careful barber had bestowed its proper allowance of powder; a well-brushed black suit, with very clean shoes and gold buckles and stock-buckle; a manner rather

reserved and formal than intrusive, but with all that, shewing only the formality of manner, by no means that of awkwardness; a countenance, the expressive and somewhat comic features of which were in complete repose, — all shewed a being perfectly different from the choice spirit of the evening before. A glance of shrewd and piercing fire in his eye was the only marked expression which recalled the man of "Saturday at e'en."

"I am come," said he with a very polite address, "to use my regal authority in your behalf in spirituals as well as temporals — can I accompany you to the presbyterian kirk, or episcopal meeting-house? — *Tros Tyriusve*, a lawyer, you know, is of both religions, or rather I should say of both forms — or can I assist in passing the forenoon otherwise? You'll excuse my old fashioned importunity — I was born in a time when a Scotchman was thought inhospitable if he left a guest alone a moment, except when he slept — but I trust you will tell me at once if I intrude."

"Not at all, my dear sir — I am delighted to put myself under your pilotage. I should wish much to hear some of your Scottish preachers whose talents have done such honour to your country — your Blair, your Robertson, or your Henry; and I embrace your kind offer

with all my heart — Only,” drawing the lawyer a little aside, and turning his eye towards Sampson, “my worthy friend there in the reverie is a little helpless and abstracted, and Barnes, who is his pilot in ordinary, cannot well assist him here, especially as he has expressed his determination of going to some of your darker and more remote places of worship.”

The lawyer’s eye glanced at him. “A curiosity worth preserving — and I’ll find you a fit custodier. — Here you, sir, (to the waiter) go to Luckie Finlayson’s in the Cowgate for Miles Macfin the cadie, he’ll be there about this time, and tell him I wish to speak to him.”

The person wanted soon arrived. “I will commit your friend to this man’s charge,” said Pleydell; “he’ll attend him, or conduct him, wherever he chuses to go, with a happy indifference as to kirk or market, meeting or court of justice, or — any other place whatever — and bring him safe home at whatever hour you appoint; so that Mr Barnes there may be left to the freedom of his own will.”

This was easily arranged, and the Colonel committed the Dominie to the charge of this man while they should remain in Edinburgh.

“And now, sir, if you please, we shall go to the Greyfriar’s church, to hear our historian of Scotland, of the Continent, and of America.”

They were disappointed — he did not preach that morning. — „Never mind,” said the counsellor, „have a moment’s patience, and we shall do very well.”

The colleague of Dr R — ascended the pulpit. His external appearance was not prepossessing. A remarkably fair complexion was strangely contrasted with a black wig without a grain of powder; a narrow chest and a stooping posture, hands which, placed like props on either side of the pulpit, seemed necessary rather to support the person than to assist the gesticulation of the preacher, — no gown, not even that of Geneva, a tumbled band, and a gesture which seemed scarce voluntary, were the first circumstances which struck a stranger. „The preacher seems a very ungainly person,” whispered Mannering to his new friend.

„Never fear, he’s the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer — he’ll shew blood, I’ll warrant him.”

The learned counsellor predicted truly. A lecture fraught with new, striking, and entertaining views of Scripture history — a sermon in which the Calvinism of the Kirk of Scotland was ably supported, yet made the basis of a sound system of practical morals, which should neither shelter the sinner under the cloak of speculative faith or of peculiarity of opinion,

nor leave him loose to the waves of unbelief and schism. Something there was of an antiquated turn of argument and metaphor, but it only served to give zest and peculiarity to the style of elocution. The sermon was not read — a scrap of paper containing the heads of the discourse was occasionally referred to, and the enunciation, which at first seemed imperfect and embarrassed, became, as the preacher warmed in his progress, animated and distinct; and although the discourse could not be quoted as a correct specimen of pulpit eloquence, yet Mannering had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument, brought into the service of Christianity.

„Such,” he said going out of the church, „must have been the preachers, to whose unfearing minds, and acute, though sometimes rudely exercised talents, we owe the Reformation.”

„And yet that reverend gentleman,” said Pleydell, „whom I love for his father’s sake and his own, has nothing of the souring or pharasaical pride which has been imputed to some of the early fathers of the Calvinistic Kirk of Scotland. His colleague and he differ, and head different parties in the kirk, about particular points of church discipline; but with-

out for a moment losing personal regard or respect for each other, or suffering malignity to interfere in an opposition, steady, constant, and apparently conscientious on both sides."

"And you, Mr Pleydell, what do you think of their points of difference?"

"Why, I hope, Colonel, a plain man may go to heaven without thinking about them at all — besides, *entre nous*, I am a member of the suffering and episcopal church of Scotland — the shadow of a shade now, and fortunately so — but I love to pray where my fathers prayed before me, without thinking worse of the presbyterian forms, because they do not affect me with the same associations." And with this remark they parted until dinner-time.

From the awkward access to the lawyer's mansion, Mannering was induced to form very moderate expectations of the entertainment which he was to receive. The approach looked even more dismal by day-light than on the preceding evening. The houses on each side of the lane were so close, that the neighbours might have shaken hands with each other from the different sides, and occasionally the space between was traversed by wooden galleries, and thus entirely closed up. The stair, the scale-stair, was not well cleaned; and upon entering the house, Mannering was struck with the

narrowness and meanness of the wainscotted passage. But the library, into which he was shewn by an elderly respectable-looking manservant, was a complete contrast to these unpromising appearances. It was a well-proportioned room, hung with a portrait or two of Scottish characters of eminence, by Jamieson, the Caledonian Vandyke, and surrounded with books, the best editions of the best authors.

“These,” said Pleydell, “are my tools of trade. A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he may call himself an architect.”

But Mannering was chiefly delighted with the view from the windows, which commanded that incomparable prospect of the ground between Edinburgh and the sea; the Frith of Forth, with its islands; the embayment which is terminated by the Law of North Berwick; and the varied shores of Fife to the northward, indenting with a hilly outline the clear blue horizon.

When Mr Pleydell had sufficiently enjoyed the surprise of his guest, he called his attention to Miss Bertram's affairs. “I was in hopes,” he said, “though but faint, to have discovered some means of ascertaining her indefeasible right to this property of Singleside; but my researches have been in vain. The old lady was certainly

absolute liar, and might dispose of it in full right of property. All that we have to hope is, that the devil may not have tempted her to alter this very proper settlement. You must attend the old girl's funeral to-morrow, to which you will receive an invitation, for I have acquainted her agent with your being here on Miss Bertram's part, and I will meet you afterwards at the house she inhabited, and be present to see fair play at the opening of the settlement. The old cat had a little girl, the orphan of some relation, who lived with her as a kind of slavish companion. I hope she has had the conscience to make her independent, in consideration of the *peine forte et dure* to which she subjected her during her life-time."

Three gentlemen now appeared, and were introduced to the stranger. They were men of good sense, gaiety, and general information, so that the day passed very pleasantly over; and Colonel Mannering assisted, about eight o'clock at night, in discussing the landlord's bottle, which was, of course, a *magnum*. Upon his return to the inn, he found a card inviting him to the funeral of Miss Margaret Bertram late of Singleside, which was to proceed from her own house to the place of interment in the Greyfriars church-yard, at one o'clock afternoon.

At the appointed hour Mannering went to a

small house in the suburbs to the southward of the city, where he found the place of mourning, indicated, as usual in Scotland, by two rueful figures with long black cloaks, white crapes and hat-bands, holding in their hands poles, adorned with melancholy streamers of the same description. By two other mutes, who, from their visages, seemed suffering under the pressure of some strange calamity, he was ushered into the dining-parlour of the defunct, where the company were assembled for the funeral.

In Scotland is universally retained the custom, now disused in England, of inviting the relations of the deceased to the interment. Upon many occasions this has a singular and striking effect, but upon some it degenerates into mere empty form and grimace, in cases where the defunct has had the misfortune to live unbeloved and die unlamented. The English service for the dead, one of the most beautiful and impressive parts of the ritual of the church, would have, in such cases, the effect of fixing the attention, and uniting the thoughts and feelings of the audience present, in an exercise of devotion so peculiarly adapted to such an occasion. But according to the Scottish custom, if there be not real feeling among the assistants, there is nothing to supply the want, and exalt or rouse the attention; so that a sense

of tedious form, and almost hypocritical restraint, is too apt to pervade the company assembled for the mournful solemnity. Mrs Margaret Bertram was unluckily one of those whose good qualities had attached no general friendship. She had no near relations who might have mourned from natural affection, and therefore her funeral exhibited merely the exterior trappings of sorrow.

Mannering, therefore, stood among this lugubrious company of cousins in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth degree, composing his countenance to the decent solemnity of all who were around him, and looking as much concerned upon Mrs Margaret Bertram's account, as if the deceased lady of Singleside had been his own sister or mother. After a deep and awful pause, the company began to talk aside — under their breaths, however, and as if in the chamber of a dying person. "Our poor friend," said one grave gentleman, scarcely opening his mouth, for fear of deranging the necessary solemnity of his features, and sliding his whisper from between his lips, which were as little unclosed as possible, — "Our poor friend has died well to pass in the world."

"Nae doubt," answered the person addressed, with half-closed "eyes; poor Mrs Margaret was aye careful of the gear."

“Any news to-day, Colonel Mannering?” said one of the gentlemen whom he had dined with the day before, but in a tone which might, for its impressive gravity, have communicated the death of his whole generation.

“Nothing particular, I believe, sir”, said Mannering, in the cadence which was he observed, appropriated to the house of mourning.

“I understand,” continued the first speaker, emphatically, and with the air of one who is well informed — “I understand there is a settlement” —

“And what does little Jenny Gibson get?”

“A hundred, and the auld repeater.”

“That’s but sma’ gear, puir thing; she had a sair time o’t with the auld leddy. But its ill waiting for dead folk’s shoon.”

“I am afraid,” said the politician, who was by Mannering, “we have not done with your old friend Tippoo Saib yet — I doubt he’ll give the Company more plague; and I am told, but you’ll know for certain, that East India Stock is not rising.”

“I trust it will, sir, soon.”

“Mrs Margaret,” said another person, mingling in the conversation, “had some India bonds. I know that, for I drew the interest for her — it would be desirable now for the trustees and legatees to have the Colonel’s advice about the

time and mode of converting them into money. For my part I think — But there's Mr Mort-cloke to tell us they are gaun to lift."

Mr Mortcloke the undertaker did accordingly, with a visage of professional length and most grievous solemnity, distribute among the pall-bearers little cards, assigning their respective situations in attendance upon the coffin. As this precedence is supposed to be regulated by propinquity to the defunct, the undertaker, however skilful a master of these lugubrious ceremonies, did not escape giving some offence. To be related to Mrs Bertram was to be of kin to the lands of Singleside, and was a propinquity of which each relative present at that moment was particularly jealous. Some murmurs there were upon the occasion, and our friend Dinmont gave more open offence, being unable either to repress his discontent, or to utter it in the key properly modulated to the solemnity. "I think ye might hae at least gi'en me a leg o' her to carry," he exclaimed, in a voice considerably louder than propriety admitted; "God! an it hadna been for the rigs o' land, I would hae gotten her a' to carry mysell, for as mony gentles as are here."

A score of frowning and reproving brows were bent upon the unappalled yeoman, who, having given vent to his displeasure, stalked sturdily

down stairs with the rest of the company, totally disregarding the censures of those whom his remarks had scandalized.

And then the funeral pomp set forth; saulies with their batons, and gumphions of tarnished white crape, in honour of the well-preserved maiden fame of Mrs Margaret Bertram. Six starved horses, themselves the very emblems of mortality, well cloaked and plumed, lugging along the hearse with its dismal emblazonry, crept in slow state towards the place of interment, preceded by Jamie Duff, an idiot, who, with weepers and cravat made of white paper, attended upon every funeral, and followed by six mourning coaches, filled with the company. Many of these now gave more free loose to their tongues, and discussed with unrestrained earnestness the amount of the succession, and the probability of its destination. The principal expectants, however, kept a prudent silence, indeed ashamed to express hopes which might prove fallacious; and the agent, or man of business, who alone knew exactly how matters stood, maintained a countenance of mysterious importance, as if determined to preserve the full interest of anxiety and suspense.

At length they arrived at the churchyard gates, and from thence, amid the gaping of some dozen of idle women with infants in their arms,

and accompanied by some twenty children, who ran gambolling and screaming alongside of the sable procession, they finally arrived at the burial place of the Singleside family. This was a square inclosure, guarded on one side by a veteran angel, without a nose, and having only one wing, who had the merit of having maintained his post for a century, while his comrade cherub, who had stood centinel on the corresponding pedestal, lay a broken trunk among the hemlock, burdock and nettles, which grew in gigantic luxuriance around the walls of the mausoleum. A moss-grown and broken inscription informed the reader, that in the year 1650 Captain Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, descended of the very ancient and honourable house of Ellangowan, had caused this monument to be erected for himself and his descendants. A reasonable number of scythes and hour-glasses, and death's heads, and cross bones, garnished the following sprig of sepulchral poetry to the memory of the founder of the mausoleum:

Nathaniel's heart, Bezaleel's hand,

If ever any had,

These boldly do I say had he,

Who lieth in this bed.

Here, then, amid the deep black fat loam into which her ancestors were now resolved, they deposited the body of Mrs Margaret Bertram; and, like soldiers returning from a military funeral, the nearest relations who might be interested in the settlements of the lady, urged the dogcattle of the hackney coaches to all the speed of which they were capable, in order to put an end to farther suspense on that interesting topic.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

«Die and endow a college or a cat.»

POPE.

THERE is a fable told by Lucian, that while a troop of monkeys, well drilled by an intelligent manager, were performing a tragedy with great applause, the decorum of the whole scene was at once destroyed, and the natural passions of the actors called forth into very indecent and active emulation, by a wag who threw a handful of nuts upon the stage. In like manner, the approaching crisis stirred up among the expectants feelings of a nature very different from those, of which, under the superintendence of Mr Mortcloke, they had lately been endeavouring to imitate the expression. Those eyes which were lately devoutly cast up to heaven, or with greater humility bent solemnly upon earth, were now sharply and alertly darting their glances through shuttles, and trunks, and drawers, and

cabinets, and all the odd corners of an old maiden lady's repositories. Nor was their search without interest, though they did not find the will of which they were in quest.

Here was a promissory note for 20l. by the minister of the non-juring chapel, interest marked as paid to Martinmas last, carefully folded up in a new set of words to the old tune of "over the Water to Charlie," — there was a curious love correspondence between the deceased and a certain Lieutenant O'Kean of a marching regiment of foot; and tied up with the letters was a document, which at once explained to the relatives why a connection that boded them little good had been suddenly broken off, being the Lieutenant's bond for two hundred pounds, upon which *no* interest whatever appeared to have been paid. Other bills and bonds to a larger amount, and signed by better names (I mean commercially) than those of the worthy divine and gallant soldier, also occurred in the course of their researches, besides a hoard of coins of every size and denomination, and scraps of broken gold and silver, old ear-rings, hinges of cracked snuff-boxes, mountings of spectacles, etc. etc. etc. Still no will made its appearance, and Colonel Mannering began full well to hope that the settlement which he had obtained from Glos-

sin contained the ultimate arrangement of the old lady's affairs. But his friend Pleydell, who now came into the room, cautioned him against entertaining this belief.

"I know the gentleman," he said, "who is conducting the search, and I guess from his manner that he knows something more of the matter than any of us." Meantime, while the search proceeds, let us take a brief glance at one or two of the company who seem most interested. Of Dinmont, who, with his large hunting-whip under his arm, stood poking his great round face over the shoulder of the *homme d'affaires*, it is unnecessary to say any thing. That thin-looking oldish man, in a most correct and gentleman-like suit of mourning, is Mac-Casquil, formerly of Drumquag, who was ruined by having a legacy bequeathed to him of two shares in the Ayr bank. His hopes upon the present occasion are founded on a very distant relationship, upon his sitting in the same pew with the deceased every Sunday, and upon his playing at cribbage with her regularly on the Saturday evenings — taking great care never to come off a winner. That other coarse-looking man, wearing his own greasy hair tied in a leathern cue more greasy still, is a tobacconist, a relation of Mrs Bertram's mother, who, having a good stock

in trade when the colonial war broke out, trebled the price of his commodity to all the world, Mrs Bertram alone excepted, whose tortoise-shell snuff-box was weekly filled with the best rappee at the old prices, because the maid brought it to the shop with Mrs Bertram's respects to her cousin Mr Quid. That young fellow who has not had the decency to put off his boots and buckskins, might have stood as forward as most of them in the graces of the old lady, who loved to look upon a comely young man. But it is thought he has forfeited the moment of fortune, by sometimes neglecting her tea-table when solemnly invited; sometimes appearing there, when he had been dining with blither company; twice treading upon her cat's tail, and once affronting her parrot.

To Mannering, the most interesting of the group was the poor girl, who had been a sort of humble companion of the deceased, as a subject upon whom she could at all times expectorate her bad humour. She was for form's sake dragged into the room by the deceased's favourite female attendant, where, shrinking into a corner as soon as possible, she saw with wonder and affright the intrusive researches of the strangers amongst those recesses to which from childhood she had looked with awful

veneration. This girl was regarded with an unfavourable eye by all the competitors, honest Dinmont only excepted; the rest conceived they should find in her a formidable competitor, whose claims might at least encumber and diminish their chance of succession. Yet she was the only person present who seemed really to feel sorrow for the deceased. Mrs Bertram had been her protectress, although from selfish motives, and her capricious tyranny was forgotten at the moment while the tears followed each other fast down the cheeks of her frightened and friendless dependant. "There's ower muckle saut water there, Drumquag," said the tobacconist to the ex-proprietor) "to bode ither folk muckle gude. Folk seldom greet that gate but they ken what it's for." Mr Mac-Casquil only replied with a nod, feeling the propriety of asserting his gentry in presence of Mr Pleydell and Colonel Mannering.

"Very queer if there suld be nae will after a', friend," said Dinmont, who began to grow impatient, to the man of business.

"A moment's patience, if you please — she was a good and prudent woman, Mrs Margaret Bertram — a good and prudent and well-judging woman, and knew to chuse friends and depositaries — she will have put her last will and testament, or rather her *mortis causa*

settlement as it relates to heritage, into the hands of some safe friend." —

"I'll bet a rump and dozen," said Pleydell, whispering to the Colonel, "he has got it in his own pocket;" — then addressing the man of law, "Come, sir, we'll cut this short if you please — here is a settlement of the estate of Singleside, executed several years ago, in favour of Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan" — The company stared fearfully wild. "You, I presume, Mr Protocol, can inform us if there is a later deed?"

"Please to favour me, Mr Pleydell;" — and so saying, he took the deed out of the learned counsel's hand, and glanced his eye over the contents.

"Too cool," said Pleydell, "too cool by half — he has another deed in his pocket still."

"Why does he not shew it then, and be d — d to him?" said the military gentleman, whose patience began to wax threadbare.

"Why, how should I know?" answered the barrister, — "why does a cat not kill a mouse when she takes him? — the love of power and of teasing, I suppose. — Well, Mr Protocol, what say you to that deed?"

"Why, sir, the deed is a well-drawn deed, properly authenticated and tested in forms of the statute."

“But recalled by another of posterior date in your possession, eh?”

“Something of the sort I confess, Mr Pleydell,” — producing a bundle tied with tape, and sealed at each fold and ligation with black wax. “That deed, Mr Pleydell, which you produce and found upon, is dated 1st June 17 —, but this” — breaking the seals and unfolding the document slowly — “is dated the 20th — no, I see it is the 21st, of April of this present year, being ten year posterior.”

“Marry, hang her, brock!” said the counsellor, borrowing an exclamation from Sir Toby Belch, “just the month in which Ellan-gowan’s distresses became generally public. But let us hear what she has done.”

Mr Protocol accordingly, having required, silence, began to read the settlement aloud in a slow, steady, business-like tone. The group around, in whose eyes hopes alternately awakened and faded, and who were straining their apprehensions to get at the drift of the testator’s meaning through the mist of technical language in which the conveyance had involved it, might have made a study for Hogarth.

The deed was of an unexpected nature. It set forth with conveying and dispoing all and whole the estate and lands of Singleside and others, with the lands of Loverless, Lyalone,

Spinster's Knowe, and heaven knows what besides, « to and in favours of (here the reader softened his voice to a gentle and modest piano) Peter Protocol, clerk to the signet, having the fullest confidence in his capacity and integrity," (these are the very words which my worthy deceased friend insisted upon inserting,) « But in TRUST always, (here the reader recovered his voice and style, and the visages of several of the hearers, which had attained a longitude that Mr Mortcloke might have envied, were perceptibly shortened), «in TRUST always, and for the uses, ends, and purposes herein after-mentioned."

In these «uses, ends, and purposes," lay the cream of the affair. The first was introduced by a preamble setting forth, that the testatrix was lineally descended from the ancient house of Ellangowan, her respected great-grand-father, Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, of happy memory, having been second son to Allan Bertram, fifteenth Baron of Ellangowan. It proceeded to state, that Henry Bertram, son and heir of Godfrey Bertram, now of Ellangowan, had been stolen from his parents in infancy, but that she, the testatrix, *was well assured that he was yet alive in foreign parts, and by the providence of heaven would be restored to the possessions of his ancestors — in*

which case the said Peter Protocol was bound and obliged, like as he bound and obliged himself, by acceptance of these presents, to denude himself of the said lands of Singleside and others, and of all the other effects thereby conveyed (excepting always a proper gratification for his own trouble) to and in favour of the said Henry Bertram upon his return to his native country. And during the time of his residing in foreign parts, or in case of his never again returning to Scotland, Mr Peter Protocol, the trustee, was directed to distribute the rents of the land, and interest of the other funds, (deducting always a proper gratification for his trouble in the premises) in equal portions, among four charitable establishments pointed out in the will. The power of management, of letting leases, of raising and lending out money, in short, the full authority of a proprietor, was vested in this confidential trustee, and, in the event of his death, went to certain official persons named in the deed. There were only two legacies; one of a hundred pounds to a favourite waiting-maid, another of the like sum to Janet Gibson (whom the deed stated to have been supported by the charity of the testatrix) for the purpose of binding her an apprentice to some honest trade.

A settlement in mortmain is in Scotland

termed a *mortification*, and in one great borough (Aberdeen, if I remember rightly) there is a municipal officer who takes care of these public endowments, and is thence called the Master of Mortifications. One would almost presume, that the term had its origin in the effect which such settlements usually produce upon the kinsmen of those by whom they are executed. Heavy at least was the mortification which befell the audience, who, in the late Mrs Margaret Bertram's parlour, had listened to this unexpected destination of the lands of Singleside. There was a profound silence after the deed had been read over.

Mr Pleydell was the first to speak. He begged to look at the deed, and having satisfied himself that it was correctly drawn and executed, he returned it without any observation, only saying aside to Mannering, "Protocol is not worse than other people, I believe; but this old lady has determined that, if he do not turn rogue, it shall not be for want of temptation."

"I really think," said Mr Mac-Casquil of Drumquag, who, having gulped down one half of his vexation, determined to give vent to the rest, "I really think this is an extraordinary case! I should like now to know from Mr Protocol, who, being sole and unlimited trustee,

must have been consulted upon this occasion; I should like, I say, to know, how Mrs Bertram could possibly believe in the existence of a boy, that a' the world kens was murdered many a year since?"

"Really, sir," said Mr Protocol, "I do not conceive it is possible for me to explain her motives more than she has done herself. Our excellent deceased friend was a good woman, sir — a pious woman — and might have grounds for confidence in the boy's safety which are not accessible to us, sir."

"Hout," said the tobacconist, "I ken very weel what were her grounds for confidence. There's Mrs Rebecca (the maid) sitting there, has tell'd me a hundred times in my ain shop, there was nae kenning how her leddy wad settle her affairs, for an auld gypsey witch wife at Gilsland had possessed her with a notion, that the callant — Harry Bertram ca's she him? — would come alive again some day after a' — ye'll no deny that, Mrs Rebecca? — though I dare to say ye forgot to put your mistress in mind of what ye promised to say when I gied ye mony a half-crown — But ye'll no deny what I am saying now, lass?"

"I ken naething at a' about it," answered Rebecca, doggedly, and looking straight forward with the firm countenance of one not

disposed to be compelled to remember more than was agreeable to her.

“Weel said, Rebecca! ye’re satisfied wi’ your ain share ony way,” rejoined the tobacconist.

The buck of the second-head, for a buck of the first-head he was not, had hitherto been slapping his boots with his switch-whip, and looking like a spoiled child that has lost its supper. His murmurs, however, were all vented inwardly, or at most in a soliloquy such as this — “I am sorry, by G —, I ever plagued myself about her — I came here, by G —, one night to drink tea, and I left King, and the duke’s rider Will Hack. They were toasting a round of running horses; by G —, I might have got leave to wear the jacket as well as other folk, if I had carried it on with them — and she has not so much as left me that hundred!”

“We’ll make the payment of the note quite agreeable,” said Mr Protocol, who had no wish to increase at that moment the odium attached to his office — “And now, gentlemen, I fancy we have no more to wait for here, and — I shall put the settlement of my excellent and worthy friend on record to-morrow, that every gentleman may examine the contents, and have free access to take an ex-

tract; and" — He proceeded to lock up the repositories of the deceased with more speed than he had opened them — "Mrs Rebecca, ye'll be so kind as to keep all right here until we can let the house — I had an offer this morning, if such a thing should be, and if I was to have any management." —

Our friend Dinmont, having had his hopes as well as another, had hitherto sate sulky enough in the arm-chair formerly appropriated to the deceased, and in which she would have been not a little scandalized to have seen this colossal specimen of the masculine gender lolling at length. His employment had been rolling up, into the form of a coiled snake, the long lash of his horse-whip, and then letting it uncoil itself into the middle of the floor. — The first words he said when he had digested the shock, contained a magnanimous declaration, which he probably was not conscious of having uttered aloud — "Weel — blude's thicker than water — she's welcome to the cheeses and the hams just the same." But when the trustee had made the above-mentioned motion for the mourners to depart, and talked of the house being immediately let, honest Dinmont got upon his feet, and stunned the company with this blunt question, "And what's to come o' this poor lassie then, Jenny

Gibson? Sae mony o' us as thought oursells sib to the family when the gear was parting, we may do something for her amang us surely."

This proposal seemed to dispose most of the assembly instantly to evacuate the premises, although upon Mr Protocol's motion they had lingered as if around the grave of their disappointed hopes. Drumquag said, or rather muttered, something of having a family of his own, and took precedence, in virtue of his gentle blood, to depart as fast as possible. The tobacconist sturdily stood forward, and scouted the motion — "A little huzzie like that was weel eneugh provided for already; and Mr Protocol at ony rate was the proper person to take direction of her, as he had charge of her legacy;" and after uttering such his opinion in a steady and decisive tone of voice, he also left the place. The buck made a stupid and brutal attempt at a jest upon Mrs Bertram's recommendation that the poor girl should be taught some honest trade; but encountered a scowl from Colonel Mannering's darkening eye (to whom, in his ignorance of the tone of good society, he had looked for applause) that made him ache to the very back-bone. He shuffled down stairs, therefore, as fast as possible.

Protocol, who was really a good sort of man, next expressed his intention to take a temporary

charge of the young lady, under protest always, that his so doing should be considered as merely eleemosynary; when Dinmont at length got up, and, having shaken his huge dread-nought great-coat, as a Newfoundland dog does his shaggy hide when he comes out of the water, ejaculated, "Weel, deil hae me then, if ye hae ony fash wi' her, Mr Protocol; if she likes to gang hame wi' me, that is. Ye see, Ailie and me we're weel to pass, and we would like the lassies to hae a wee bit mair lair than oursells, and to be neighbour-like — that wad we. — And ye see she canna miss but to ken manners, and the like o' reading books, and sewing seams — having lived sae lang wi' a grand lady like Lady Singleside; or if she does na ken ony thing about it, I'm jealous that our bairns will like her a' the better. And I'll take care o' the bits o' claes, and what spending siller she maun hae, and the hundred pound may rin on in your hands, Mr Protocol, and I'll be adding something till't, till she'll may be get a Liddesdale joe that wants something to help to buy the hirsell. — What d'ye say to that, hinny? I'll take out a ticket for ye in the fly to Jeddart — odd, but ye maun take a poney after that o'er the Limestane-rig — deil a wheeled carriage ever gaed into Liddesdale: — and I'll be very glad if Mrs Rebecca

comes wi' you, hinny, and stays a month or twa while you're stranger like."

While Mrs Rebecca was curtseying, and endeavouring to make the poor orphan girl curtsey instead of crying, and while Dandie, in his rough way, was encouraging them both, old Pleydell had recourse to his snuff-box. "It's meat and drink to me, now, Colonel," he said, as he recovered himself, "to see a clown like this — I must gratify him in his own way, must assist him to ruin himself — there's no help for it. — Here, you Liddesdale — Dandie — Charlies-hope — what do they call you?"

The farmer turned, infinitely gratified even by this sort of notice, for in his heart, next to his own landlord, he honoured a lawyer in high practice.

"So you will not be advised against trying that question about your marches?"

"N — no, sir — naeboddy likes to lose their right, and to be laughed at down the hail water. But since your honour's no agreeable, and is may be a friend to the other side like, we maun try some other advocate."

"There — I told you so, Colonel Mannering! — Well, sir, if you must needs be a fool, the business is to give you the luxury of a lawsuit at the least possible expence, and to bring

you off conqueror if possible. Let Mr Protocol send me your papers, and I will advise him how to conduct your cause. I don't see, after all, why you should not have your lawsuits too, and your feuds in the Court of Session, as well as your forefathers had their man-slaughters and fire-raising."

"Very natural, to be sure, sir. We wad just take the auld gate as readily, if it were na for the law. And as the law binds us, the law should loose us. Besides, a man's aye the better thought o' in our country for having been afore the feifteen."

"Excellently argued, my friend! Away with you, and send your papers to me. — Come, Colonel, we have no more to do here."

"God, we'll ding Jock o' Dawston Cleugh now after a'," said Dinmont, slapping his thigh in great exultation.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

— I am going to the parliament;

*You understand this bag: If you have any
business*

*Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.*

Little French Lawyer.

“**W**ILL you be able to carry this honest fellow’s cause for him?” said Mannering.

“Why, I don’t know; the battle is not to the strong, but he shall come off triumphant over Jock of Dawston if we can make it out. I owe him something. It is the pest of our profession, that we seldom see the best side of human nature. People come to us with every selfish feeling newly pointed and grinded; they turn down the very caulkers of their animosities and prejudices, as smiths do with horses’ shoes in a white frost. Many a man has come to my

garret yonder, that I have at first longed to pitch out at the window, and yet, at length, have discovered that he was only doing as I might have done in his case, being very angry, and, of course, very unreasonable. I have now satisfied myself, that if our profession sees more of human folly and human roguery than others, it is as affording the only channel through which they can vent themselves. In civilized society, law is the chimney through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to circulate through the whole house, and put every one's eyes out — no wonder, therefore, that the vent itself should sometimes get a little sooty. — But we will take care our Liddesdale-man's cause is well conducted and well argued, so all unnecessary expence will be saved — he shall have his pine-apple at wholesale price."

"Will you do me the pleasure," said Man-nering as they parted, "to dine with me at my lodgings? my landlord says he has a bit of red-deer venison, and some excellent wine?"

"Venison — eh? But no! it's impossible — and I can't ask you home neither. Monday's a sacred day — so's Tuesday — and Wednesday, we are to be heard in the great teind case in presence — but stay — it's frosty weather, and if you don't leave town, and that venison would keep till Thursday" —

“You would dine with me that day?”

“Under certification.”

“Well, then, I will indulge a thought I had of spending a week here; and if the venison will not keep, why we will see what else our landlord can do for us.”

“O, the venison will keep,” said Pleydell; “and now good bye — look at these two or three cards, and deliver them if you like the addresses. I wrote them for you this morning — farewell, my clerk has been waiting this hour to begin a d—d information.” — And away walked Mr Pleydell with great activity, diving through closes and ascending covered stairs, in order to attain the High-Street by an access, which, compared to the common route, was what the Streights of Magellan are to the more circuitous, but open passage round Cape Horn.

Upon looking at the cards of introduction which Pleydell had thrust into his hand, Manering was gratified with seeing that they were addressed to some of the first literary characters of Scotland. “To David Hume, Esq.” “To John Home.” “To Dr Ferguson.” “To Dr Black.” “To Lord Kaimes.” “To Mr Hutton.” “To John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin.” “To Adam Smith, Esq.” “To Dr Robertson.” —

“Upon my word, my legal friend has a good selection of acquaintances — these are names

pretty widely blown indeed — an East-Indian must rub up his faculties a little, and put his mind in order, before he enters this sort of society.”

Mannering gladly availed himself of these introductions; and we regret deeply it is not in our power to give the reader an account of the pleasure and information which he received, in admission to a circle never closed against strangers of sense and information, and which has perhaps at no period been equalled, considering the depth and variety of talent which it embraced and concentrated.

Upon the Thursday appointed, Mr Pleydell made his appearance at the inn where Colonel Mannering lodged. The venison proved in high order, the claret excellent, and the learned counsel, a professed amateur in the affairs of the table, did distinguished honour to both. I am uncertain, however, if even the good cheer gave him more satisfaction than the presence of Dominie Sampson, from whom, in his own juridical style of wit, he contrived to extract great amusement, both for himself and one or two friends whom the Colonel regaled on the same occasion. The grave and laconic simplicity of Sampson's answers to the insidious questions of the barrister, placed the *bonhommie* of his character in a more luminous point of view

than Mannering had yet seen it. Upon the same occasion he drew forth a strange quantity of miscellaneous and abstruse, though, generally speaking, useless learning. — The lawyer afterwards compared his mind to the magazine of a pawnbroker, stowed with goods of every description, but so cumbrously piled together, and in such total disorganization, that the owner can never lay his hands upon any one article at the moment he has occasion for it.

As for the advocate himself, he afforded at least as much exercise to Sampson as he extracted amusement from him. When the man of law began to get into his altitudes, and his wit, naturally shrewd and dry, became more lively and poignant, the Dominie looked upon him with that sort of surprise with which we can conceive a tame bear might regard his future associate the monkey upon their being first introduced to each other. It was Mr Pleydell's delight to state in grave and serious argument some position which he knew the Dominie would be inclined to dispute. He then beheld with exquisite pleasure the internal labour with which the honest man arranged his ideas for reply, and tasked his inert and sluggish powers to bring up all the heavy artillery of his learning for demolishing the schismatic or heretical opinion which had been stated — when, behold, before

the ordnance could be discharged, the foe had quitted the post, and appeared in a new position of annoyance on the Dominie's flank or rear. Often did he exclaim "Prodigious!" when, marching up to the enemy in full confidence of victory, he found the field evacuated, and it may be supposed that it cost him no little labour to attempt a new formation. "He was like a native Indian army," the Colonel said, "formidable by numerical strength and size of ordnance, but liable to be thrown into irreparable confusion by a movement to take them in flank." — On the whole, however, the Dominie, though somewhat fatigued with these mental exertions, made at unusual speed and upon the pressure of the moment, reckoned this one of the white days of his life, and always mentioned Mr Pleydell as a very erudite and facetious person.

By degrees the rest of the party dropped off, and left these three gentlemen together. Their conversation turned to Mrs Bertram's settlements. "Now what could drive it into the noddle of that old harridan," said Pleydell, "to disinherit poor Lucy Bertram, under pretence of settling her property on a boy who has been so long dead and gone? — I ask your pardon, Mr Sampson, I forgot what an affecting case this was for you — I remember taking your examination upon it — and I never had so much

trouble to make any one speak three words consecutively. — You may speak of your Pythagoreans, or your silent Bramins, Colonel, — go to, I tell you this learned gentleman beats them all in taciturnity — but the words of the wise are precious, and not to be thrown away lightly.”

“Of a surety,” said the Dominie, taking his blue-checkered handkerchief from his eyes, “that was a bitter day with me indeed; ay, and a day of grief hard to be borne — but He giveth strength who layeth on the load.”

Colonel Mannering took this opportunity to request Mr Pleydell to inform him of the particulars attending the loss of the boy; and the counsellor, who was fond of talking upon subjects of criminal jurisprudence, especially when connected with his own experience, went through the circumstances at full length. “And what is your opinion upon the result of the whole?”

“O, that Kennedy was murdered: it’s an old case which has occurred on that coast before now — the case of Smuggler *versus* Exciseman.”

“What then is your conjecture concerning the fate of the child?”

“O, murdered too, doubtless. He was old enough to tell what he had seen, and these scoundrels would not scruple committing a se-

cond Bethlehem massacre if they thought their interest required it."

The Dominie groaned deeply, and ejaculated, "Enormous!"

"Yet there was mention of gypsies in the business too, counsellor, and from what that vulgar looking-fellow said after the funeral" —

Mrs Margaret Bertram's idea that the child was alive was founded upon the report of a gypsy — I envy you the concatenation, Colonel — it is a shame to me not to have drawn the same conclusion. We'll follow this business up instantly — Here, hark ye, waiter, go down to Luckie Wood's in the Cowgate; ye'll find my clerk Driver; he'll be set down to High-Jinks by this time; (for we and our retainers, Colonel, are exceedingly regular in our irregularities;) tell him to come here instantly, and I will pay his forfeits."

"He won't appear in character, will he?"

"Ah! no more of that, Hal! an thou lovest me. — But we must have some news from the land of Egypt, if possible. O, if I had but hold of the slightest thread of this complicated skean, you should see how I should unravel it! — I would work the truth out of your Bohemian, as the French call them, better than a *Monitoire*, or a *Plainte de Tournelle*; I know how to manage a refractory witness."

While Mr Pleydell was thus vaunting his knowledge of his profession, the waiter re-entered with Mr Driver, his mouth still greasy with mutton pies, and the froth of the last draught of twopenny yet unsubsidied on his upper lip, with such speed had he obeyed the commands of his principal. — “Driver, you must go instantly and find out the woman who was old Mrs Margaret Bertram’s maid. Enquire for her every where, but if you find it necessary to have recourse to Protocol, Quid the tobacconist, or any other of these folks, you will take care not to appear yourself, but send some woman of your acquaintance — I dare say you know enough that may be so condescending as to oblige you. When you have found her out, engage her to come to my chambers to-morrow at eight o’clock precisely.”

“What shall I say to make her forth-coming?” asked the aid-de-camp.

“Any thing you chuse. Is it my business to make lies for you, do you think? — But let her be *in presentia* by eight o’clock, as I have said before.” The clerk grinned, made his reverence, and exit.

“That’s a useful fellow,” said the counsellor; “I don’t believe his match ever carried a process. He’ll write to my dictating three nights in the week without sleep, or, what’s the same

thing, he writes as well and correctly when he's asleep as when he's awake. Then he's such a steady fellow — some of them are always changing their ale-houses, so that they have twenty cadies sweating after them, like the bare-headed captains traversing the taverns of East-Cheap in search of Sir John Falstaff. But this is a complete fixture — he has his winter seat by the fire, and his summer seat by the window, in Luckie Wood's, betwixt which seats are his only migrations; there he's to be found at all times when he is off duty. It is my opinion he never puts off his clothes or goes to sleep — sheer ale supports him under every thing. It is meat, drink, and cloth, bed, board, and washing."

"And is he always fit for duty upon a sudden turn-out? I should distrust it, considering his quarters."

"O, drink never disturbs him, Colonel; he can write for hours after he cannot speak. I remember being called suddenly to draw an appeal case. I had been dining, and it was Saturday night, and I had ill will to begin to it — however, they got me down to Clerihugh's, and there we sate birling till I had a fair tappit hen under my belt, and then they persuaded me to draw the paper. Then we had to seek Driver, and it was all that two men could do to bear him in, for when found, he was, as it

happened, both motionless and speechless. But no sooner was his pen put between his fingers, his paper stretched before him, and he heard my voice, than he began to write like a scribe — and, excepting that we were obliged to have somebody to dip his pen in the ink, for he could not see the standish, I never saw a thing scrolled more handsomely."

"But how did your joint production look the next morning?" said the Colonel.

"Wheugh! capital — not three words required to be altered; it was sent off by that day's post. — But you'll come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and hear this woman's examination?"

"Why, your hour is rather early."

"Can't make it later. If I were not on the boards of the outer-house precisely as the nine-hours bell rings, there would be a report that I had got an apoplexy, and I should feel the effects of it all the rest of the session."

"Well, I will make an exertion to wait upon you."

Here the company broke up for the evening.

In the morning Colonel Mannering appeared at the counsellor's chambers, although cursing the raw air of a Scottish morning in December. Mr Pleydell had got Mrs Rebecca installed on one side of his fire, accommodated her with a cup of chocolate, and was already deeply en-

gaged in conversation with her. "O, no, I assure you, Mrs Rebecca, there is no intention to challenge your mistress's will; and I give you my word of honour that your legacy is quite safe. You deserved it by your conduct to your mistress, and I wish it had been twice as much."

"Why, to be sure, sir, it's no right to mention what is said before ane — ye heard how that dirty body Quid cast up to me the bits o' compliments he gied me, and tell'd ower again ony loose cracks I might hae had wi' him; now if ane was talking loosely to your honour, there's nae saying what might come o't."

"I assure you, my good Rebecca, my character and your own age and appearance are your security, if you should talk as loosely as an amatory poet."

"Aweel, if your honour thinks I am safe — the story is just this. — Ye see, about a year ago, or no just sae lang, my leddy was advised to go to Gilsland for a while, for her spirits were distressing her sair. Ellangowan's troubles began to be spoken o' publicly, and sair vexed she was — for she was proud o' her family. — For Ellangowan himsell and her, they sometimes 'greed, and sometimes no — but at last they did na 'gree at a' for twa or three year — for he was aye wanting to borrow siller, and that was what she could na bide at no hand,

and she was aye wanting it paid back again, and that the Laird he liked as little. So they were clean aff thegither. — And then some of the company at Gilsland tells her that the estate was to be sell'd; and ye wad hae thought she had ta'en an ill will at Miss Lucy Bertram frae that moment, for mony a time she cried to me, 'O, Becky, O, Becky, if that useless peenging thing o' a lassie there, at Ellangowan, that canna keep her ne'er-do-weel father within bounds — if she had been but a lad-bairn, they could nae hae sell'd the auld inheritance for that fool-body's debts,' — and she would rin on that way till I was just wearied to hear her. — And ae day at the spaw-well below the craig, she was seeing a very bonny family o' bairns — they belanged to ane Mac-Crosky — and she broke out — 'Is not it an odd thing that ilka waf carle in the country has a son and heir, and that the house of Ellangowan is without male succession?' There was a gypsey wife stood ahint and heard her — a muckle stoor fearsome-looking wife she was as ever I set een on, — 'Wha is it,' says she, 'that dare say the house of Ellangowan will perish without male succession?' My mistress just turned on her — she was a high spirited woman, and aye ready wi' an answer to a' body. 'It's me that says it,' says she, 'that may say it wi' a sad heart.' Wi'

that the gypsey wife gripped till her hand; 'I ken you weel eneugh,' says she, 'though ye ken na me — But as sure as that sun's in heaven, and as sure as that water's rinning to the sea, and as sure as there's an e'e that sees, and an ear that hears us baith — Harry Bertram, that was thought to perish at Warroch Point, never did die there — he was to have a weary weird o't till his ane-and-twentieth year, that was aye said o' him — but if ye live and I live, ye'll hear mair o' him this winter before the snaw lies twa days on the Dun of Singleside — I want nane o' your siller,' she said, 'to make ye think I am blearing your e'e — fare ye weel till after Martimas,' and there she left us standing."

"Was she a very tall woman?" interrupted Mannering.

"Had she black hair, black eyes, and a cut above the brow?" added the lawyer.

"She was the tallest woman I ever saw, and her hair was as black as midnight, unless where it was grey, and she had a scar abune the brow, that ye might hae laid the lith of your finger in. Naebody that's seen her will ever forget her; and I am morally sure that it was on the ground o' what that gypsey-woman said that my mistress made her will, having ta'en a dislike at the young leddy o' Ellangowan; and she liked her far waur after she was obliged to send

her 20l. — for she said, Miss Bertram, no content wi' letting the Ellangowan property pass into strange hands, owing to her being a lass and no a lad, was coming, by her poverty, to be a burden and a disgrace to Singleside too. — But I hope my mistress's is a good will for a' that, for it would be hard on me to lose the wee bit legacy — I served for little fee and bountith, weel I wot."

The counsellor relieved her fears on this head, then enquired after Jenny Gibson, and understood she had accepted Mr Dinmont's offer; "and I have done sae mysell too, since he was sae discreet as to ask me," said Mrs Rebecca; "they are very decent folk the Dinmonts, though my lady didna dow to hear muckle about the friends on that side the house. But she liked the Charlies-hope hams, and the cheeses, and the muir-fowl, that they were aye sending, and the lamb's-wool hose and mittens — she liked them weel aneuch."

Mr Pleydell now dismissed Mrs Rebecca. When she was gone, "I think I know the gypsey woman," said the lawyer.

"I was just going to say the same," replied Mannering.

"And her name," said Pleydell —

"Is Meg Merrilies," answered the Colonel.

“Are you avised of that?” said the counsellor, looking at his military friend with a comic expression of surprise.

Mannering answered, that he had know such a woman when he was at Ellangowan twenty-five years before; and then made his learned friend acquainted with all the remarkable particulars of his first visit there.

Mr Pleydell listened with great attention, and then replied, “I congratulated myself upon having made the acquaintance of a profound theologian in your chaplain; but I really did not expect to find a pupil of Albumazar or Messahala in his patron. — I have a notion, however, this gypsey could tell us some more of the matter than she derives from astrology or second-sight — I had her through hands once, and could then make little of her, but I must write to Mac-Morlan to stir heaven and earth to find her out. — I will gladly come to — shire myself to assist at her examination — I am still in the commission of the peace there, though I have ceased to be sheriff — I never had any thing more at heart in my life than tracing that murder, and the fate of the child. I must write to the Sheriff of Roxburghshire too, and to an active justice of peace in Cumberland.”

“I hope when you come to the country you will make Woodbourne your headquarters?”

"Certainly; I was afraid you were going to forbid me — but we must go to breakfast now, or I shall be too late."

On the following day the new friends parted, and the Colonel rejoined his family without any adventure worthy of being detailed in these chapters.


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## CHAPTER XL.

*Can no rest find me, no private place secure  
me,*

*But still my miseries like bloodhounds haunt  
me?*

*Unfortunate young man, which way now  
guides thee,*

*Guides thee from death? The country's laid  
around for thee —*

**Women Pleased.**

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OUR narrative now recalls us for a moment to the period when young Hazlewood received his wound. That accident had no sooner happened, than the consequences to Miss Mannering and to himself rushed upon Brown's mind. From the manner in which the muzzle of the piece was pointed when it went off, he had no great fear that the consequences would be fatal. But an arrest in a strange country, and while he



was unprovided with any means of establishing his rank and character, was at least to be avoided. He therefore resolved to escape for the present to the neighbouring coast of England, and to remain concealed there, if possible, until he should receive letters from his regimental friends, and remittances from his agent; and then to resume his own character, and offer to young Hazlewood and his friends any explanation or satisfaction they might desire. With this purpose he walked stoutly forward, after leaving the spot where the accident had happened, and reached without adventure the village which we have called Portanferry, (but which the reader will in vain seek for under that name in the county map.) A large open boat was just about to leave the quay, bound for the little seaport of Allonby, in Cumberland. In this vessel Brown embarked, and resolved to make that place his temporary abode, until he should receive letters and money from England.

In the course of their short voyage he entered into some conversation with the steersman, who was also owner of the boat a jolly old man, who had occasionally been engaged in the smuggling trade, like most fishers on the coast. After talking about objects of less interest, Brown endeavoured to turn the dis-



course toward the Mannering family. The sailor had heard of the attack upon the house at Woodbourne, but disapproved of the smugglers' proceedings.

"Hands off is fair play; zounds, they'll bring the whole country down upon them — na, na! when I was in that way I played at giff-gaff with the officers — here a cargo ta'en — vera weel, that was their luck; — there another carried clean through, that was mine — na, na! hawks shouldna pike out hawks' e'en."

"And this Colonel Mannering?"

"Troth, he's nae wise man neither to interfere — no that I blame him for saving the gaugers' lives — that was very right; but it wasna like a gentleman to be fighting about the poor folk's pocks o' tea and brandy kegs — however, he's a grand man and an officer man, and they do what they like wi' the o' us."

"And his daughter," said Brown, with a throbbing heart, "is going to be married into a great family too, as I have heard?"

"What, into the Hazlewoods' ? na, na, that's but idle clashes — every sabbath day, as regularly as it came round, did the young man ride hame wi' the daughter of the late Ellan-gowan — and my daughter Peggy's in the service up at Woodbourne, and she says she's



sure young Hazlewood thinks nae mair of Miss Mannering than you do."

Bitterly censuring his own precipitate adoption of a contrary belief, Brown yet heard with delight that the suspicions of Julia's fidelity, upon which he had so rashly acted, were probably void of foundation. How must he in the mean time be suffering in her opinion? or what could she suppose of conduct, which must have made him appear to her regardless alike of her peace of mind, and of the interests of their affection? The old man's connection with the family at Woodbourne seemed to offer a safe mode of communication, of which he determined to avail himself.

"Your daughter is a maid-servant at Woodbourne? — I knew Miss Mannering in India, and though I am at present in an inferior rank of life, I have great reason to hope she would interest herself in my favour. I had a quarrel unfortunately with her father, who was my commanding officer, and I am sure the young lady would endeavour to reconcile him to me. Perhaps your daughter could deliver a letter to her upon the subject, without making mischief between her father and her?"

The old man readily answered for the letter being faithfully and secretly delivered; and, accordingly, so soon as they arrived at Allonby,



Brown wrote to Miss Mannering, stating the utmost contrition for what had happened through his rashness, and conjuring her to let him have an opportunity of pleading his own cause, and obtaining forgiveness for his indiscretion. He did not judge it safe to go into any detail concerning the circumstances by which he had been misled, and upon the whole endeavoured to express himself with such ambiguity, that, if the letter should fall into wrong hands, it would be difficult either to understand its real purport, or to trace the writer. This letter the old man undertook faithfully to deliver to his daughter at Woodbourne; and, as his trade would speedily again bring him or his boat to Allonby, he promised farther to take charge of any answer with which the young lady might entrust him.

And now our persecuted traveller landed at Allonby, and sought for such accommodations as might at once suit his temporary poverty, and his desire of remaining as much unobserved as possible. With this view he assumed the name and profession of his friend Dudley, having command enough of the pencil to verify his pretended character to his host of Allonby. His baggage he pretended to expect from Wigton; and, keeping himself as much within doors as possible, awaited the return of the



letters which he had sent to his agent, to Delasserre, and to his Lieutenant-Colonel. From the first he requested a supply of money; he conjured Delasserre, if possible, to join him in Scotland; and from the Lieutenant-Colonel he required such testimony of his rank and conduct in the regiment, as should place his character as a gentleman and officer beyond the power of question. The inconvenience of being run short in his finances struck him so strongly, that he wrote to Dinmont upon that subject, requesting a small temporary loan, having no doubt that, being within sixty or seventy miles of his residence, he would receive a speedy as well as favourable answer to his request of pecuniary accommodation, which was owing, as he stated, to his having been robbed after their parting. And then, with impatience enough, though without any serious apprehension, he waited the answers of these various letters.

It must be observed, in excuse of his correspondents, that the post was then much more tardy than since Mr Palmer's ingenious invention has taken place; and with respect to honest Dinmont in particular, as he rarely received above one letter a quarter, (unless during the time of his being engaged in a law-suit, when he regularly sent to the post-town,)



his correspondence usually remained for a month or two sticking in the postmaster's window, among pamphlets, gingerbread, rolls, or ballads, according to the trade which the said postmaster exercised. Besides, there was then a custom, not yet wholly obsolete, of causing a letter, from one town to another, perhaps within the distance of thirty miles, perform a circuit of two hundred miles before delivery; which had the combined advantage of airing the epistle thoroughly, of adding some pence to the revenue of the post-office, and of exercising the patience of the correspondents. Owing to these circumstances, Brown remained several days in Allonby without answer, and his stock of money, though husbanded with the utmost economy, began to wear very low, when he received by the hands of a young fisherman the following letter:

"You have acted with the most cruel indiscretion; you have shewn how little I can trust to your declarations that my peace and happiness are dear to you; and your rashness has nearly occasioned the death of a young man of the highest worth and honour. Must I say more? — must I add, that I have been myself very ill in consequence of your violence, and its effects? and, alas! need I say still farther, that I have thought anxiously upon them



as they are likely to affect you, although you have given me such slight cause to do so? The C. is gone from home for several days; Mr H is almost quite recovered; and I have reason to think that the blame is laid in a quarter different from that where it is deserved. Yet do not think of venturing here. Our fate has been crossed by accidents of a nature too violent and terrible to permit me to think of renewing a correspondence which has so often threatened the most dreadful catastrophe. Farewell, therefore, and believe that no one can wish your happiness more sincerely than

“J. M’”

This letter contained that species of advice which is frequently given for the precise purpose that it may lead to a directly opposite conduct from that which it recommends. At least so thought Brown, who immediately asked the young fisherman if he came from Portanferry.

“Ay; I am auld Willie Johnstone’s son, and I got that letter frae my sister Peggy, that’s laundry-maid at Woodbourne.”

“My good friend, when do you sail?”

“With the tide this evening.”

“I’ll return with you; but as I do not desire to go to Portanferry, I wish you could put me on shore somewhere on the coast.”



“We can easily do that,” said the lad.

Although the price of provisions, etc. was then very moderate, the discharging his lodgings, and the expences of his living, together with that of a change of dress, which safety as well as decency rendered necessary, brought Brown’s purse to a very low ebb. He left directions at the post-office that his letters should be forwarded to Kippletringan, whither he resolved to proceed and reclaim the treasure which he had deposited in the hands of Mrs Mac-Candlish. He also felt it would be his duty to assume his proper character so soon as he received the necessary evidence for supporting it, and, as an officer in the king’s service, give and receive every explanation which might be necessary with young Hazlewood. “If he is not very wrong-headed indeed,” he thought, “he must allow the manner in which I acted to have been the necessary consequence of his own over-bearing conduct.”

And now we must suppose him once more embarked on the Solway frith. The wind was adverse, attended by some rain, and they struggled against it without much assistance from the tide. The boat was heavily laden with goods, (part of which were probably contraband) and laboured deep in the sea. Brown, who had been bred a sailor, and was indeed



skilled in most athletic exercises, gave his powerful and effectual assistance in rowing, or occasionally in steering the boat, and his advice in the management, which became the more delicate as the wind increased, and, being opposed to the very rapid tides of that coast, made the voyage perilous. At length, after spending the whole night upon the frith, they were at morning within sight of a beautiful bay upon the Scottish coast. The weather was now more mild. The snow, which had been for some time waning, had given way entirely under the fresh gale of the preceding night. The more distant hills, indeed, retained their snowy mantle, but all the open country was cleared, unless where a few white patches indicated that it had been drifted to an uncommon depth. Even under its wintry appearance, the shore was highly interesting. The line of sea-coast, with all its varied curves, indentures, and embayments, swept away from the sight on either hand, in that varied, intricate, yet graceful and easy line, which the eye loves so well to pursue. And it was no less relieved and varied in elevation than in outline, by the different forms of the shore; the beach in some places being edged by steep rocks, and in others rising smoothly from the sands in easy and swelling slopes. Buildings of different



kinds caught and reflected the wintry sunbeams of a December morning, and the woods, though now leafless, gave relief and variety to the landscape. Brown felt that lively and awakening interest which taste and sensibility always derive from the beauties of nature, when opening suddenly to the eye, after the dulness and gloom of a night voyage. Perhaps, — for who can presume to analyse that inexplicable feeling which binds the person born in a mountainous country to his native hills, — perhaps some early associations, retaining their effect long after the cause was forgotten, mingled in the feelings of pleasure with which he regarded the scene before him.

“And what,” said Brown to the boatman, “is the name of that fine cape, that stretches into the sea with its sloping banks and hillocks of wood, and forms the right side of the bay?”

“Warroch Point,” said the lad.

“And that old castle, my friend, with the modern house situated just beneath it? It seems at this distance a very large building.”

“That’s the Auld Place, sir; and that’s the New Place below it. We’ll land you there if you like.”

“I should like it of all things. I must visit that ruin before I continue my journey.”



“Ay, it’s a queer auld bit; and that highest tower is a gude land-mark as far as Ramsay in Man, and the Point of Ayr — there was muckle fighting about it lang syne.”

Brown would have enquired into farther particulars, but a fisherman is seldom an antiquary. His boatman’s local knowledge was summed up in the information already given, “that it was a grand land-mark, and that there had been muckle fighting about the bit lang syne.”

“I shall learn more of it,” thought Brown, “when I get ashore.”

The boat continued its course close under the Point upon which the castle was situated, which frowned from the summit of its rocky scite upon the still agitated waves of the bay beneath. “I believe,” said the steersman, “ye’ll get ashore here as dry as ony gate. There’s a place where their berlins and gallies, as they ca’d them, used to lie in lang syne, but it’s no used now, because it’s ill carrying gudes up the narrow stairs, or ower the rocks. Whiles of a moonlight night I have landed articles there though.”

While he thus spoke, they pulled round a point of rock, and found a very small harbour, partly formed by nature, partly by the indefatigable labour of the ancient inhabitants of the castle, who, as the fisherman observed,



had found it essential for the protection of their boats and small craft, though it could not receive vessels of any burthen. The two points of rock which formed the entrance, approached each other so nearly, that only one boat could enter at a time. On each side were still remaining two immense iron rings, deeply morticed into the solid rock. Through these, according to tradition, there was nightly drawn a huge chain, secured by an immense padlock, for the protection of the haven and the armada which it contained. A ledge of rock had, by the assistance of the chisel and pick-axe, been formed into a sort of quay. The rock was of extremely hard consistence, and the task so difficult, that, according to the fisherman, a labourer who wrought at the work might in the evening have carried home in his bonnet all the shivers which he had struck from the mass in the course of the day. This little quay communicated with a rude stair-case, already repeatedly mentioned, which descended from the old castle. There was also a communication between the beach and the quay by scrambling over the rocks.

"Ye had better land here," said the lad, "for the surf's running high at the Shelliccoat-stane, and there will no be a dry thread amang us or we get the cargo out. — Na! na!



(in answer to an offer of money) ye have wrought for your passage, and wrought far better than ony o' us. Gude day to you: I wuss ye well." So saying, he pushed off in order to land his cargo on the opposite side of the bay; and Brown, with a small bundle in his hand, containing the trifling stock of necessaries which he had been obliged to purchase at Allonby, was left on the rocks beneath the ruin.

And thus, unconscious as the most absolute stranger, and in circumstances, which, if not destitute, were for the present highly embarrassing; without the countenance of a friend within the circle of several hundred miles; accused of a heavy crime, and, what was as bad as all the rest, being nearly penniless, did the harassed wanderer for the first time, after the interval of so many years, approach the remains of the castle, where his ancestors had exercised all but regal dominion.



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## CHAPTER XLI.

— *Yes, ye moss-green walls,  
Ye towers defenceless, I revisit ye  
Shame-stricken! Where are all your trophies  
now?*

*Your thronged courts, the revelry, the tumult,  
That spoke the grandeur of my house, the  
homage  
Of neighbouring Barons?*

**Mysterious Mother.**

---

ENTERING the castle of Ellangowan by a postern door-way, which shewed symptoms of having been once secured with the most jealous care, Brown, (whom, since he has set foot upon the property of his fathers, we shall hereafter call by his father's name of Bertram) wandered from one ruined apartment to another, surprised at the massive strength of some parts of the building, the rude and impressive magnificence of



others, and the great extent of the whole. In two of these rooms, close beside each other, he saw signs of recent habitation. In one small apartment were empty bottles, half-gnawed bones, and dried fragments of bread. In the vault which adjoined, and which was defended by a strong door, then left open, he observed a considerable quantity of straw, and in both were the reliques of recent fires. How little was it possible for Bertram to conceive, that such trivial circumstances were closely connected with incidents, affecting his prosperity, his honour perhaps his life!

After satisfying his curiosity by a hasty glance through the interior of the castle, Bertram now advanced through the great gate-way which opened to the land, and paused to look upon the noble landscape which it commanded. Having in vain endeavoured to guess the position of Woodbourne, and having nearly ascertained that of Kippletringan, he turned to take a parting look at the stately ruins which he had just traversed. He admired the massive and picturesque effect of the huge round towers, which, flanking the gate-way, gave a double portion of depth and majesty to the high yet gloomy arch under which it opened. The carved stone escutcheon of the ancient family, bearing for their arms three wolves' heads, was hung diagonally beneath



the helmet and crest, the latter being a wolf couchant pierced with an arrow. On either side stood as supporters, in full human size or larger, a salvage man *proper*, to use the language of heraldry, *wreathed and cinctured*, and holding in his hand an oak tree *eradicated*, that is, torn up by the roots.

"And the powerful barons who owned this blazonry," thought Bertram, pursuing the usual train of ideas which flows upon the mind at such scenes, "does their posterity continue to possess the lands which they had laboured to fortify so strongly? or are they wanderers, ignorant perhaps even of the fame or power of their forefathers, while their hereditary possessions are held by a race of strangers? Why is it," he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted — "Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Brainin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with



a mysterious and illdefined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place! It is even so with me while I gaze upon that ruin; nor can I divest myself of the idea, that these massive towers, and that dark gateway, retiring through its deep-vaulted and ribbed arches, and dimly lighted by the court-yard beyond, is not entirely strange to me. Can it be that they have been familiar to me in infancy, and that I am to seek in their vicinity those friends of whom my childhood has still a tender though faint remembrance, and whom I early exchanged for such severe task-masters? Yet Brown, who I think would not have deceived me, always told me I was brought off from the eastern coast, after a skirmish in which my father was killed; and I do remember enough of a horrid scene of violence to strengthen his account."

It happened that the spot upon which young Bertram chanced to station himself for the better viewing the castle, was nearly the same on which his father had died. It was marked by a large old oak tree, the only one on the esplanade, and which, having been used for executions by the barons of Ellangowan, was called the Justice-Tree. It chanced, and the coincidence



was remarkable, that Glossin was this morning engaged with a person, whom he was in the habit of consulting in such matters, concerning some projected repairs, and a large addition to the house of Ellangowan, and that, having no great pleasure in remains so intimately connected with the grandeur of the former inhabitants, he had resolved to use the stones of the ruinous castle in his new edifice. Accordingly he came up the bank, followed by the land-surveyor mentioned upon a former occasion, who was also in the habit of acting as a sort of architect in case of necessity. In drawing the plans, etc. Glossin was in the custom of relying upon his own skill. Bertram's back was towards them as they came up the ascent, and he was quite shrouded by the branches of the large tree, so that Glossin was not aware of the presence of the stranger till he was close upon him.

"Yes, sir, as I have often said before to you, the Old Place is a perfect quarry of hewn stone, and it would be better for the estate if it were all down, since it is only a den for smugglers." At this instant Bertram turned short round upon Glossin at the distance of two yards only — "Would you destroy the castle, sir?" — His face, person, and voice, were so exactly those of his father in his best days, that Glossin, hearing his exclamation, and seeing such a sud-



den apparition in the shape of his patron, and on nearly the very spot where he had expired, almost thought the grave had given up its dead! — He staggered back two or three paces, as if he had received a sudden and deadly wound. He instantly recovered however his presence of mind, stimulated by the thrilling reflection that it was no inhabitant of the other world which stood before him, but an injured man, whom the slightest want of dexterity on his part might lead to acquaintance with his rights, and the means of asserting them to his utter destruction. Yet his ideas were so much confused by the shock he had received, that his first question partook of the alarm.

“In the name of God, how came you here!”

“Here, sir? I landed a quarter of an hour since in the little harbour beneath the castle, and was employing a moment’s leisure in viewing these fine ruins; I trust there is no intrusion?”

“Intrusion, sir? — no, sir,” said Glossin, in some degree recovering his breath, and then whispered a few words into his companion’s ear, who immediately left him and descended towards the house. “Intrusion, sir? — no, sir, — you or any gentleman are welcome to satisfy your curiosity.”

“I thank you, sir. They call this the Old Place, I am informed?”



“Yes, sir; in distinction to the New Place, my house there below.”

Glossin, it must be remarked, was, during the following dialogue, on the one hand eager to learn what local recollections young Bertram had retained of the scenes of his infancy, and, on the other, compelled to be extremely cautious in his replies, lest he should awaken or assist, by some name, phrase, or anecdote, the slumbering train of association. He suffered, indeed, during the whole scene, the agonies which he so richly deserved; yet his pride and interest, like the fortitude of a North American Indian, manned him to sustain the tortures inflicted at once by the contending stings of a guilty conscience, of hatred, of fear, and of suspicion.

“I wish to ask the name, sir, of the family to whom this stately ruin belongs?”

“It is my property, sir; my name is Glossin.”

“Glossin — Glossin?” repeated Brown, as if the answer were somewhat different from what he expected; “I beg your pardon, Mr Glossin; I am apt to be very absent. — May I ask if the castle has been long in your family?”

“It was built, I believe, long ago, by a family called Mac-Dingawaie,” answered Glossin; suppressing for obvious reasons the more familiar sound of Bertram, which might have awakened



the recollections which he was anxious to lull to rest, and slurring with an evasive answer the question concerning the endurance of his own possession.

“And how do you read the half-defaced motto, sir, which is upon that scroll above the entablature with the arms?”

“I — I — I really do not exactly know,” replied Glossin.

“I should be apt to read it, *Our Right makes our Might.*”

“I believe it is something of that kind.”

“May I ask, sir, if it is your family motto?”

“N — n — no — no — not ours — That is, I believe, the motto of the former people — mine is — mine is — in fact I have had some correspondence with Mr Cumming of the Lion-office in Edinburgh, about mine. He writes me the Glossins anciently bore for a motto, ‘He who takes it makes it.’”

“If there be any uncertainty, sir, and the case were mine, I would assume the old motto, which seems to me the better of the two.”

Glossin, whose tongue by this time clove to the roof of his mouth, only answered by a nod.

“It is odd enough,” said Bertram, fixing his eye upon the arms and gate-way, and partly addressing Glossin, partly as it were thinking aloud — “it is odd the tricks which our memory



plays us; the remnants of an old prophecy, or song, or rhyme, of some kind or other, return to my recollection upon hearing that motto — stay — it is a strange jingle of sounds:

‘The dark shall be light,  
And the wrong made right,  
When Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might  
Shall meet on —’

I cannot remember the last line — on some particular height — *height* is the rhyme, I am sure; but I cannot hit upon the preceding word.”

“Confound your memory,” thought Glossin, “you remember by far too much of it.”

“There are other rhymes connected with these early recollections: Pray, sir, is there any song current in this part of the world respecting a daughter of the King of the Isle of Man eloping with a Scottish knight?”

“I am the worst person in the world to consult upon legendary antiquities,” answered Glossin.

“I could sing such a ballad,” said Bertram, “from one end to another when I was a boy. You must know I left Scotland, which is my native country, very young, and those who brought me up discouraged all my attempts to preserve recollection of my native land, on account, I believe, of a boyish wish which I had to escape from their charge.”



“Very natural,” said Glossin, but speaking as if his utmost efforts were unable to unseal his lips beyond the width of a quarter of an inch, so that his whole utterance was a kind of compressed muttering, very different from the round bold bullying voice with which he usually spoke. Indeed his appearance and demeanour during all this conversation seemed to diminish even his strength and stature, so that he withered as it were into the shadow of himself, now advancing one foot, now the other, now stooping and wriggling his shoulders, now fumbling with the buttons of his waistcoat, now clasping his hands together, — in short, he was the picture of a mean-spirited shuffling rascal in the very agonies of detection. To these appearances Bertram was totally inattentive, being dragged on as it were by the current of his own associations. Indeed, although he addressed Glossin, he was not so much thinking of him, as arguing upon the embarrassing state of his own feelings and recollection. “Yes,” he said, “I preserved my language among the sailors, most of whom spoke English, and when I could get into a corner by myself, I used to sing all that song over from beginning to end — I have forgot it all now — but I remember the tune well, though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recal it to my memory.”



He took his flageolet from his pocket, and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel, who, at a fine spring about half way down the descent, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song:

“Are these the Links of Forth, she said,  
Or are they the crooks of Dee,  
Or the bonnie woods of Warroch-head  
That I so fain would see?”

“By heaven,” said Bertram, “it is the very ballad! I must learn these words from the girl.”

“Confusion!” thought Glossin; “if I cannot put a stop to this, all will be out. O the devil take all ballads, and ballad-makers, and ballad-singers; and that d — d jade too, to set up her pipe! — You will have time enough for this upon some other occasion,” he said aloud; “at present” — (for now he saw his emissary with two or three men coming up the bank,) “at present we must have some more serious conversation together.”

“How do you mean, sir?” said Bertram, turning short upon him, and not liking the tone which he made use of.



“Why, sir, as to that — I believe your name is Brown?”

“And what of that, sir?”

Glossin looked over his shoulder to see how near his party had approached; they were coming fast on. “Vanbeest Brown? if I mistake not.”

“And what of that, sir?” said Bertram, with increasing astonishment and displeasure.

“Why, in that case,” said Glossin, observing his friends had now got upon the level space close beside them — “in that case you are my prisoner in the king’s name!” — At the same time he stretched his hand towards Bertram’s collar, while two of the men who had come up seized upon his arms; he shook himself, however, free of their grasp by a violent effort, in which he pitched the most pertinacious down the bank, and, drawing his cutlass, stood on the defensive, while those who had felt his strength recoiled from his presence, and gazed at a safe distance. “Observe,” he called out at the same time, “that I have no purpose to resist legal authority; satisfy me that you have a magistrate’s warrant, and are authorised to make this arrest, and I will obey it quietly; but let no man who loves his life venture to



approach me, till I am satisfied for what crime, and by whose authority, I am apprehended."

Glossin then caused one of the officers shew a warrant for the apprehension of Vanbeest Brown, accused of the crime of wilfully and maliciously shooting at Charles Hazlewood, younger of Hazlewood, with an intent to kill, and also of other crimes and misdemeanours, and which appointed him, having been so apprehended, to be brought before the next magistrate for examination. The warrant being formal, and the fact such as he could not deny. Bertram threw down his weapon, and submitted himself to the officers, who, flying on him with eagerness corresponding to their former pusillanimity, were about to load him with irons, alleging the strength and activity which he had displayed, as a justification of this severity. But Glossin was ashamed or afraid to permit this unnecessary insult, and directed the prisoner to be treated with all the decency, and even respect, that was consistent with safety. Afraid, however, to introduce him into his own house, where still further subjects of recollection might have been suggested, and anxious at the same time to cover his own proceedings by the sanction of another's authority, he ordered his carriage (for he had lately set up a carriage) to



be got ready, and in the meantime directed refreshments to be given to the prisoner and the officers, who occupied one of the rooms in the old castle, until the means of conveyance should be provided.

## CHAPTER XIII.

— Being in the residence —  
 Then robed man of justice, take thy place  
 And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,  
 Stand by his side — you are of the countess.

## King Lear.

When the carriage was getting ready, Clarendon had a letter to compose, about which he wasted no small time. It was to his neighbour, as he was fond of calling him, Sir Robert Harlewood of Harlewood, the head of an ancient and powerful interest in the county, which had in the decadence of the Ellingworth family gradually succeeded to much of their authority and influence. The present representative of the family was an elderly man, deeply fond of his own family, which was limited to an



## CHAPTER XLII.

— Bring in the evidence —  
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,  
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,  
Bench by his side — you are of the commis-  
sion,  
Sit you too..

King Lear.

WHILE the carriage was getting ready, Glossin had a letter to compose, about which he wasted no small time. It was to his neighbour, as he was fond of calling him, Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, the head of an ancient and powerful interest in the country, which had in the decadence of the Ellangowan family gradually succeeded to much of their authority and influence. The present representative of the family was an elderly man, dotingly fond of his own family, which was limited to an



only son and daughter, and stoically indifferent to the fate of all mankind besides. For the rest, he was honourable in his general dealings, because he was afraid to suffer the censure of the world, and just from a better motive. He was presumptuously over-conceited on the score of family pride and importance, a feeling considerably enhanced by his late succession to the title of a Nova Scotia Baronet; and he hated the memory of the Ellangowan family, though now a memory only, because a certain baron of that house was traditionally reported to have caused the founder of the Hazlewood family hold his stirrup until he mounted into his saddle. In his general deportment he was pompous and important, affecting a species of florid elocution, which often became ridiculous from his misarranging the triads and quaternions with which he loaded his sentences.

To this personage Glossin was now to write in such a conciliatory style as might be most acceptable to his vanity and family pride, and the following was the form of his card.

“Mr Gilbert Glossin” (he longed to add of Ellangowan, but prudence prevailed, and he suppressed that territorial designation) “Mr Gilbert Glossin has the honour to offer his most respectful compliments to Sir Robert



Hazlewood, and to inform him, that he has this morning been fortunate enough to secure the person who wounded Mr C. Hazlewood. As Sir Robert Hazlewood may probably chuse to conduct the examination of this criminal himself, Mr G. Glossin will cause the man to be carried to the inn at Kippletringan, or to Hazlewood-house, as Sir Robert Hazlewood may be pleased to direct: And, with Sir Robert Hazlewood's permission, Mr G. Glossin will attend him at either of these places with the proofs and declarations which he has been so fortunate as to collect respecting this atrocious business."

Addressed,

"SIR ROBERT HAZLEWOOD of Hazlewood,

"Bart. Hazlewood-House, etc. etc.

"ELL<sup>n</sup>. G<sup>n</sup>. }  
 Tuesday." }

This card he dispatched by a servant on horseback, and having given the man some time to get a-head, and desired him to ride fast, he ordered two officers of justice to get into the carriage with Bertram, and he himself, mounting his horse, accompanied them at a slow pace to the point where the roads to



Kippletringan and Hazlewood-house separated, and there awaited the return of his messenger, in order that his farther route might be determined by the answer he should receive from the Baronet. In about half an hour his servant returned with the following answer, handsomely folded, and sealed with the Hazlewood arms, and having the Nova Scotia badge depending from the shield.

“Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood returns Mr G. Glossin’s compliments, and thanks him for the trouble he has taken in a matter affecting the safety of Sir Robert’s family. Sir R. H. requests Mr G. G. will have the goodness to bring the prisoner to Hazlewood-house for examination, with the other proofs or declarations which he mentions. And after the business is over, in case Mr G. G. is not otherwise engaged, Sir R. and Lady Hazlewood request his company to dinner.”

Addressed,

“MR GILBERT GLOSSIN, etc.

“HAZLEWOOD-HOUSE,  
Tuesday.”

}

“Soh!” thought Mr Glossin, “here is one finger in at least, and that I will make the



means of introducing my whole hand. But I must first get clear of this wretched young fellow. — I think I can manage Sir Robert. He is dull and pompous, and will be alike disposed to listen to my suggestions upon the law of the case, and to assume the credit of acting upon them as his own proper motion. So I shall have the advantage of being the real magistrate, without the odium of responsibility."

As he cherished these hopes and expectations, the carriage approached Hazlewood-house, through a noble avenue of old oaks, which shrouded the ancient abbey-resembling building so called. It was a large edifice built at different periods, part having actually been a priory, upon the suppression of which, in the time of Queen Mary, the first of the family had obtained a gift of the house and surrounding lands from the crown. It was pleasantly situated in a large deer-park, on the banks of the river we have before mentioned. The scenery around was of a dark, solemn, and somewhat melancholy cast, according well with the architecture of the house. Every thing appeared to be kept in the highest possible order, and announced the opulence and rank of the proprietor.

As Mr Glossin's carriage stopped at the door



of the hall, Sir Robert reconnoitred the new vehicle from the windows. According to his aristocratic feelings, there was a degree of presumption in this *novus homo*, this Mr G. Glossin, late writer in —, presuming to set up such an accommodation at all; but his wrath was mitigated when he observed that the mantle upon the pannels only bore a plain cypher of G. G. This apparent modesty was indeed solely owing to the delay of Mr Cumming of the Lion Office, who, being at that time engaged in discovering and matriculating the arms of two commissaries from North America, three English-Irish peers, and two great Jamaica traders, had been more slow than usual in finding an escutcheon for the new Laird of El-langowan. But his delay told to the advantage of Glossin in the opinion of the proud Baronet.

While the officers of justice detained their prisoner in a sort of steward's room, Mr Glossin was ushered into what was called the great oak-parlour, a long room, pannelled with well-varnished wainscot, and adorned with the grim portraits of Sir Robert Hazlewood's ancestry. The visitor, who had no internal consciousness of worth to balance that of meanness of birth, felt his inferiority, and, by the depth of his bow and the obsequiousness of his demeanour,



showed that the Laird of Ellangowan was sunk for the time in the old and submissive habits of the quondam retainer of the law. He would have persuaded himself, indeed, that he was only humouring the pride of the old Baronet, for the purpose of turning them to his own advantage; but his feelings were of a mingled nature, and he felt the influence of those very prejudices which he pretended to flatter. The Baronet received him with that condescending parade which was meant at once to assert his own vast superiority, and to shew the generosity and courtesy with which he could waive it, and descend to the level of ordinary conversation with ordinary men. He thanked Glossin for his attention to a matter in which "young Hazlewood" was so intimately concerned, and, pointing to his family pictures, observed, with a gracious smile, "Indeed these venerable gentlemen, Mr Glossin, are as much obliged as I am in this case, for the labour, pains, care, and trouble which you have taken in their behalf; and I have no doubt, were they capable of expressing themselves, would join me, sir, in thanking you for the favour you have conferred upon the house of Hazlewood, by taking care and trouble, sir, and interest, in behalf of the young gentleman who is to continue their name and family."



Thrice bowed Glossin, and each time more profoundly than before; once in honour of the knight who stood upright before him, once in respect to the quiet personages who patiently hung upon the wainscot, and a third time in deference to the young gentleman who was to carry on their name and family. *Roturier* as he was, Sir Robert was gratified by the homage which he rendered, and proceeded in a tone of gracious familiarity: "And now, Mr Glossin, my exceeding good friend, you must allow me to avail myself of your knowledge of law in our proceedings in this matter. I am not much in the habit of acting as a justice of the peace; it suits better with other gentlemen, whose domestic and family affairs require less constant superintendence, attention, and management than mine."

Of course, whatever small assistance Mr Glossin could render was entirely at Sir Robert Hazlewood's service; but, as Sir Robert Hazlewood's name stood high in the list of the faculty, the said Mr Glossin could not presume to hope it could be either necessary or useful.

"Why, my good sir, you will understand me to mean the practical knowledge of the ordinary details of justice business. I was indeed educated to the bar, and might boast perhaps



at one time, that I had made some progress in the speculative, and abstract, and abstruse doctrines of our municipal code; but there is in the present day so little opportunity of a man of family and fortune rising to that eminence at the bar, which is attained — by adventurers who are as willing to plead for John a Nokes as for the first noble of the land, that I was really early disgusted with practice. The first case, indeed, which was laid on my table, quite sickened me; it respected a bargain, sir, of tallow, between a butcher and a candle-maker; and I found it was expected that I should grease my mouth, not only with their vulgar names, but with all the technical terms, and phrases, and peculiar language, of their dirty arts. Upon my honour, my good sir, I have never been able to bear the smell of a tallow-candle since."

Pitying, as seemed to be expected, the mean use to which the Baronet's faculties had been degraded on this melancholy occasion, Mr Glossin offered to officiate as clerk or assessor, or any way in which he could be most useful. "And with a view to possessing you of the whole business, and in the first place, there will, I believe, be no difficulty in proving the main fact, that this was the person who



fired the unhappy piece. Should he deny it, it can be proved by Mr Hazlewood, I presume?"

"Young Hazlewood is not at home to-day, Mr Glossin."

"But we can have the oath of the servant who attended him; indeed I hardly think the fact will be disputed. I am more apprehensive, that, from the too favourable and indulgent manner in which I have understood that Mr Hazlewood has been pleased to represent the business, the assault may be considered as accidental, and the injury as unintentional, so that the fellow may be immediately set at liberty, to do more mischief."

"I have not the honour to know the gentleman who now holds the office of king's advocate," replied Sir Robert, gravely; "but I presume, sir — nay, I am confident, that he will consider the mere fact of having wounded young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, even by inadvertency, to take the matter in its mildest and gentlest, and in its most favourable and improbable light, as a crime which will be too easily atoned by imprisonment, and as more deserving of deportation."

"Indeed, Sir Robert," said his assenting brother in justice, "I am entirely of your opi-



nion; but, I don't know how it is, I have observed the Edinburgh gentlemen of the bar, and even the officers of the crown, pique themselves upon an indifferent administration of justice, without respect to rank and family; and I should fear" —

"How, sir, without respect to rank and family? — Will you tell me *that* doctrine can be held by men of birth and legal education? — No, sir; if a trifle stolen in the street is termed mere pickery, but is elevated into sacrilege if the crime be committed in a church, so, according to the just gradations of society, the guilt of an injury is enhanced by the rank of the person to whom it is offered, done, or committed, sir." Glossin bowed low to this declaration *ex cathedra*, but observed, that in case of the very worst, and of such unnatural doctrines being actually held as he had already hinted, "the law had another hold on Mr Vanbeest Brown."

"Vanbeest Brown? is that the fellow's name! Good God! that young Hazlewood of Hazlewood should have had his life endangered, the clavicle of his right shoulder considerably lacerated and dislodged, several large drops or slugs deposited in the acromion process, as the account of the family surgeon expressly



bears, and all by an obscure wretch named Vanbeest Brown!"

Why, really, Sir Robert, it is a thing which one can hardly bear to think of; but, begging ten thousand pardons for resuming what I was about to say, a person of the same name is, as appears from these papers (producing Dirk Hatteraick's pocket-book,) mate to the smuggling vessel whose crew offered such violence at Woodbourne, and I have no doubt that this is the same individual; which, however, your acute discrimination will easily be able to ascertain."

"The same, my good sir, he must assuredly be — it would be injustice even to the meanest of the people to suppose there could be found among them *two* persons doomed to bear a name so shocking to one's ears as this of Vanbeest Brown."

"True, Sir Robert; most unquestionably; there cannot be a shadow of doubt of it — But you see farther, that this circumstance accounts for the man's desperate conduct. You, Sir Robert, will discover the motive for his crime — you, I say, will discover it without difficulty, on your giving your mind to the examination; for my part, I cannot help suspecting the moving spring to have been revenge



for the gallantry with which Mr Hazlewood, with all the spirit of his renowned forefathers, defended the house at Woodbourne against this villain and his lawless companions."

"I will enquire into it, my good sir. Yet even now I venture to conjecture that I shall adopt the solution or explanation of this riddle, enigma, or mystery, which you have in some degree thus started. Yes! revenge it must be — and, good Heaven! entertained by and against whom? — entertained, fostered, cherished, against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and in part carried into effect, executed, and implemented by the hand of Vanbeest Brown! These are dreadful days indeed, my worthy neighbour (this epithet indicated a rapid advance in the Baronet's good graces) — days when the bulwarks of society are shaken to their mighty base, and that rank, which forms, as it were, its highest grace and ornament, is mingled and confused with the viler parts of the architecture. O, my good Mr Gilbert Glossin, in my time, sir, the use of swords and pistols, and such honourable arms, was reserved by the nobility and gentry to themselves, and the disputes of the vulgar were decided by the weapons which nature had given them, or by cudgels cut, broken, or hewed out of the next wood. But now, sir, the



clouted shoe of the peasant galls the kibe of the courtier. The lower ranks have their quarrels, sir, and their points of honour and their revenges, which they must bring forsooth to fatal arbitrement. But well, well! it will last my time — let us have in this fellow, this Vanbeest Brown, and make an end of him at least for the present."



## CHAPTER XLIII.

— 'Twas he

*Gave heat into the injury, which returned  
Like a petard ill lighted into the bosom  
Of him gave fire to't. Yet I hope his hurt  
Is not so dangerous but he may recover.*

Fair Maid of the Inn.

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THE prisoner was now presented before the two worshipful magistrates. Glossin, partly from some compunctious visitings, and partly out of his cautious resolution to suffer Sir Robert Hazlewood to be the ostensible manager of the whole examination, looked down upon the table, and busied himself with reading and arranging the papers respecting the business, only now and then throwing in a skilful catch-word as prompter, when he saw the principal, and apparently most active magistrate stand in



need of a hint. As for Sir Robert Hazlewood, he assumed on his part a happy mixture of the austerity of the justice, combined with the display of personal dignity appertaining to the baronet of ancient family.

«There, constables, let him stand there at the bottom of the table. — Be so good as look me in the face, sir, and raise your voice as you answer the questions which I am going to put to you.”

«May I beg, in the first place, to know, sir, who it is that takes the trouble to interrogate me? for the honest gentlemen who have brought me here have not been pleased to furnish any information upon that point.”

«And pray, sir, what has my name and quality to do with the questions I am about to ask you?”

«Nothing perhaps, sir; but it may considerably influence my disposition to answer them.”

«Why, then, sir, you will please to be informed, that you are in presence of Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and another justice of peace for this county — that’s all.”

As this intimation produced a less stunning effect upon the prisoner than he had antici-



pated, Sir Robert proceeded in his investigation with an increasing dislike to the object of it.

“Is your name Vanbeest Brown, sir?”

“It is.”

“So far well; — and how are we to design you farther, sir?”

“Captain in his majesty’s — regiment of horse.”

The Baronet’s ears received this intimation with astonishment; but he was refreshed in courage by an incredulous look from Glossin, and by hearing him gently utter a sort of interjectional whistle, in a note of surprise and contempt. “I believe, my friend, we shall find for you, before we part, a more humble title.”

“If you do, sir, I shall willingly submit to any punishment which such an imposture shall be thought to deserve.”

“Well, sir, we shall see. — Do you know young Hazlewood of Hazlewood?”

“I never saw the gentleman who I am informed bears that name excepting once, and I regret that it was under very unpleasant circumstances.”



"You mean to acknowledge, then, that you inflicted upon young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, that wound which endangered his life, considerably lacerated the clavicle of his right shoulder, and deposited, as the family surgeon declares, several large drops or slugs in the acromion process?"

"Why, sir, I can only say I am equally ignorant and sorry for the extent of the damage which the young gentleman has sustained. I met him in a narrow path, walking with two ladies and a servant, and before I could either pass them or address them, this young Hazlewood took his gun from his servant, presented it against my body, and commanded me in the most haughty tone to stand back. I was neither inclined to submit to his authority, nor to leave him in possession of the means to injure me, which he seemed disposed to use with such rashness. I therefore closed with him for the purpose of disarming him; and just as I had nearly effected my purpose, the piece went off accidentally, and, to my regret then and since, inflicted upon the young gentleman a severer chastisement than I desired, though I am glad to understand it is like to prove no more than his unprovoked folly deserved."



“And so, sir,” said the Baronet, every feature swoln with offended dignity, — “You, sir, admit, sir, that it was your purpose, sir, and your intention, sir, and the real jet and object of your assault, sir, to disarm young Hazlewood of Hazlewood of his gun, sir, or his fowling-piece, or his fuzee, or whatever you please to call it, sir, upon the king’s highway, sir? — I think this will do, my worthy neighbour! I think he should stand committed?”

“You are by far the best judge, Sir Robert; but if I might presume to hint, there was something about these smugglers.”

“Very true, good sir. — And besides, sir, you Vanbeest Brown, who call yourself a captain in his majesty’s service, are no better or worse than a rascally mate of a smuggler!”

“Really, sir, you are an old gentleman, and acting under some strange delusion, otherwise I should be very angry with you.”

“Old gentleman, sir! strange delusion, sir! I protest and declare — Why, sir, have you any papers or letters that can establish your pretended rank, and estate, and commission?”

“None at present, sir; but in the return of a post or two” —



“And how do you, sir, if you are a captain in his majesty’s service, how do you chance to be travelling in Scotland without letters of introduction, credentials, baggage, or any thing belonging to your pretended rank, estate, and condition, as I said before?”

“Sir, I had the misfortune to be robbed of my clothes and baggage.”

“Oho! then you are the gentleman who took a post-chaise from — to Kippletringan, gave the boy the slip on the road, and sent two of your accomplices to beat the boy and bring away the baggage?”

“I was, sir, in a carriage as you describe, and lost my way endeavouring to find the road to Kippletringan. The landlady of the inn will inform you, that on my arrival there the next day, my first inquiries were after the boy.”

“Then give me leave to ask where you spent the night — not in the snow, I presume? you do not suppose that will pass, or be taken, credited, and received?”

“I beg leave,” said Bertram, his recollection turning to the gypsy female, and to the promise he had given her, “I beg leave to decline answering that question.”



“I thought as much. — Were you not during that night in the ruins of Derncleugh? — in the ruins of Derncleugh, sir?”

“I have told you that I do not intend answering that question.”

“Well, sir, then you will stand committed, sir, and be sent to prison, sir, that’s all, sir. — Have the goodness to look at these papers; are you the Vanbeest Brown there mentioned?”

It must be remarked that Glossin had shuffled among the papers some writings which really did belong to Bertram, and which had been found by the officers in the old vault where his portmanteau was ransacked.

“Some of these papers,” said Bertram, looking over them, “are mine, and were in my portfolio when it was stolen from the post-chaise. They are memoranda of little value, and, I see, have been carefully selected as affording no evidence of my rank or character, which many of the other papers would have established fully. They are mingled with ship-accounts and other papers, belonging apparently to a person of the same name.”

“And wilt thou attempt to persuade me, friend, that there are two persons in this coun-



try, at the same time, of thy very uncommon and awkwardly sounding name?"

"I really do not see, sir, as there is an old Hazlewood and a young Hazlewood, why there should not be an old and young Vanbeest Brown. And, to speak seriously, I was educated in Holland, and I know that this name, however uncouth it may sound in British ears" —

Glossin, conscious that the prisoner was now about to enter upon dangerous ground, interfered, though the interruption was unnecessary, for the purpose of diverting the attention of Sir Robert Hazlewood, who was speechless and motionless with indignation at the presumptuous comparison implied in Bertram's last speech. In fact, the veins of his throat and of his temples swelled almost to bursting, and he sat with the indignant and disconcerted air of one who has received a mortal insult from a quarter, to which he holds it unmeet and indecorous to make any reply. While with a bent brow and an angry eye he was drawing in his breath slowly and majestically, and puffing it forth again with deep and solemn exertion, Glossin stepped in to his assistance. "I should think now, Sir Robert, with great submission, that this matter may be closed. One of the constables, besides the pregnant proof already produced, offers to make



oath, that the sword of which the prisoner was this morning deprived (while using it, by the way, in resistance to a legal warrant) was a cutlass taken from him in a fray between the officers and smugglers, just previous to their attack upon Woodbourne. And yet," added he, "I would not have you form any rash construction upon that subject; perhaps the young man can explain how he came by that weapon."

"That question, sir, I shall also leave unanswered."

"There is yet another circumstance to be enquired into. This prisoner put into the hands of Mrs Mac-Candlish of Kippletringan, a parcel containing a variety of gold coins and valuable articles of different kinds. Perhaps, Sir Robert, you might think it right to ask, how he came by property of a description which seldom occurs?"

"You, sir, Mr Vanbeest Brown, sir, you hear the question, sir, which the gentleman asks you?"

"I have particular reasons for declining to answer that question."

"Then I am afraid, sir, our duty must lay us under the necessity to sign a warrant of committal."



“As you please, sir; take care, however, what you do. Observe that I inform you that I am a captain in his majesty’s — regiment, and that I am just returned from India, and therefore cannot possibly be connected with any of those contraband traders you talk of; that my Lieutenant-Colonel is presently at Nottingham, the Major, with the officers of my corps, at Kingston-upon-Thames; I offer before you both to submit to any degree of ignominy, if, within the return of the Kingston and Nottingham posts, I am not able to establish these points. Or you may write to the agent for the regiment, if you please, and” —

“This is all very well, sir,” said Glossin, beginning to fear lest the firm expostulation of Bertram should make some impression on Sir Robert, who would almost have died of shame at committing such a solecism as sending a captain of horse to jail — “This is all very well, sir; but is there no person nearer whom you could refer to?”

“There are only two persons in this country who know anything of me. One is a plain Liddesdale sheep-farmer, called Dinmont of Charlies-hope; but he knows nothing more of me than what I told him, and what I now tell you.”



“Why, this is well enough, Sir Robert! I suppose he would bring forward this thickskulled fellow to give his oath of credulity, Sir Robert, ha, ha, ha!”

“And what is your other witness, friend?” said the Baronet.

“A gentleman whom I have some reluctance to mention, because of certain private reasons; but under whose command I served some time in India, and who is too much a man of honour to refuse his testimony to my character as a soldier and gentleman.”

“And who is this doughty witness, pray, sir? — some half-pay quarter-master or serjeant, I suppose?”

“Colonel Guy Mannering, late of the — regiment, in which, as I told you, I have a troop.”

“Colonel Guy Mannering!” thought Glossin, “who the devil could have guessed this?”

“Colonel Guy Mannering?” echoed the Baronet, considerably shaken in his opinion. “My good sir,” — apart to Glossin, “the young man with a dreadfully plebeian name, and a good deal of modest assurance, has nevertheless something of the tone, and manners, and feeling of a gentleman, of one at least who has lived in



good society — they do give commissions very loosely, and carelessly, and inaccurately, in India — I think we had better pause till Colonel Mannering shall return; he is now, I believe, at Edinburgh.”

“You are in every respect the best judge, Sir Robert,” answered Glossin, “in every possible respect. I would only submit to you, that we are certainly hardly entitled to dismiss this man upon an assertion which cannot be satisfied by proof, and that we shall incur a heavy responsibility by detaining him in private custody, without committing him to a public jail. Undoubtedly you are the best judge, sir Robert; — and I would only say, for my own part, that I very lately incurred severe censure by detaining a person in a place which I thought perfectly secure, and under the custody of the proper officers. The man made his escape, and I have no doubt my own character for attention and circumspection as a magistrate has in some degree suffered — I only hint this — I will join in any step you, Sir Robert, think most advisable.” But Mr Glossin was well aware that such a hint was of power sufficient to decide the motions of his self-important, but not self-relying colleague. So that Sir Robert Hazlewood summed up the business in the following speech,



which proceeded partly upon the supposition of the prisoner being really a gentleman, and partly upon the opposite belief that he was a villain and an assassin.

“Sir, Mr Vanbeest Brown — I would call you Captain Brown if there was the least reason, or cause, or grounds to suppose that you are a captain, or had a troop in the very respectable corps you mention, or indeed in any other corps in his majesty’s service, as to which circumstance I beg to be understood to give no positive, settled, or unalterable judgment, declaration, or opinion. I say therefore, sir, Mr Brown, we have determined, considering the unpleasant predicament in which you now stand, having been robbed, as you say, an assertion as to which I suspend my opinion, and being possessed of much and valuable treasure, and of a brass-handled cutlass besides, as to your obtaining which you will favour us with no explanation — I say, sir, we have determined and resolved, and made up our minds, to commit you to jail, or rather to assign you an apartment therein, in order that you may be forthcoming upon Colonel Mannering’s return from Edinburgh.”

“With humble submission, Sir Robert,” said Glossin, “may I enquire if it is your purpose



to send this young gentleman to the county jail? — for if that were not your settled intention, I would take the liberty to hint, that there would be less hardship in sending him to the Bridewell at Portanferry, where he can be secured without public exposure; a circumstance which, upon the mere chance of his story being really true, is much to be avoided.”

“Why there is a guard of soldiers at Portanferry, to be sure, for protection of the goods in the custom-house; and upon the whole, considering every thing, and that the place is comfortable for such a place, I say, all things considered, we will commit this person, I would rather say authorize him to be detained, in the workhouse at Portanferry.”

The warrant was made out accordingly, and Bertram was informed he was next morning to be removed to his place of confinement, as Sir Robert had determined he should not be taken there under cloud of night for fear of rescue. He was, during the interval to be detained at Hazlewoodhouse.

“It cannot be so hard as my imprisonment by the Looties in India,” he thought, “nor can it last so long. But the deuce take the old formal dunderhead, and his more sly associate,



who speaks always under his breath, — they cannot understand a plain man's story when it is told them."

In the meanwhile Glossin took leave of the Baronet, with a thousand respectful bows and cringing apologies for not accepting his invitation to dinner, and venturing to hope he might be pardoned in paying his respects to him, Lady Hazlewood, and young Mr Hazlewood, upon some future occasion."

"Certainly, sir," said the Baronet, very graciously. "I hope our family was never at any time deficient in civility to our neighbours; and when I ride that way, good Mr Glossin, I will convince you of this by calling at your house as familiarly as is consistent — that is, as can be hoped or expected." —

"And now," said Glossin to himself, "to find Dirk Hatteraick and his people, to get the guard sent off the custom-house, and then for the grand cast of the dice. Every thing must depend upon speed. — How lucky that Mannering has betaken himself to Edinburgh! his knowledge of this young fellow is a most perilous addition to my dangers," — here he suffered his horse to slacken his pace — "What if I should try to compound with the heir? — It's likely he might



be brought to pay a round sum for restitution, and I could give up Hatteraick — But no, no, no! there were too many eyes on me, Hatteraick himself, and the gypsy sailor, and that old hag — No, no! I must stick to my original plan." And with that he struck his spurs to his horse's flanks, and rode forward at a hard trot to put his machines in motion.



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CHAPTER XLIV.

*A prison is a house of care ,
A place where none can thrive ,
A touchstone true to try a friend ,
A grave for one alive .
Sometimes a place of right ,
Sometimes a place of wrong ,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves ,
And honest men among .*

Inscription on Edinburgh Toolboth.

EARLY on the following morning, the carriage which had brought Bertram to Hazlewood-house, was, with his two silent and surly attendants, appointed to convey him to his place of confinement at Portanferry. This building adjoined to the custom-house established at that little seaport, and both were situated so close to the sea-beach, that it was necessary to

defend the back part with a large and strong rampart or bulwark of huge stones, disposed in a slope towards the surf, which often reached and broke upon them. The front was surrounded by a high wall, enclosing a small court-yard, within which the miserable inmates of the mansion were occasionally permitted to take exercise and air. The prison was used as a House of Correction, and occasionally as a chapel of ease to the county jail, which was old, and far from being conveniently situated with reference to the Kippletringan district of the county. Mac-Guffog, the officer by whom Bertram had at first been apprehended, and who was now in attendance upon him, was keeper of this palace of little-ease. He caused the carriage to be drawn close up to the outer gate, and got out himself to summon the warders. The noise of his rap alarmed some twenty or thirty ragged boys, who left off sailing their mimic sloops and frigates in the little pools of salt-water left by the receding tide, and hastily crowded round the vehicle to see what luckless being was to be delivered to the prison-house out of "Glossin's braw new carriage." The door of the court-yard, after the heavy clanking of many chains and bars, was opened by Mrs Mac-Guffog, an awful spectacle, being a woman for strength and resolution

capable of maintaining order among her riotous inmates, and of administering the discipline of the house, as it was called, during the absence of her husband, or when he chanced to have taken an over-dose of the creature. The growling voice of this amazon, which rivalled in harshness the crashing music of her own bolts and bars, soon dispersed in every direction the little varlets who had thronged around her threshold, and she next addressed her amiable helpmate: —

“Be sharp, man, and get out the swell, can’st thou not?”

“Hold your tongue and be d—d, you —,” answered her loving husband, with two additional epithets of great energy, but which we beg to be excused from repeating. Then addressing Bertram:

“Come, will you get out, my handy lad, or must we lend you a lift?”

Bertram came out of the carriage, and, collared by the constable as he put his foot upon the ground, was dragged, though he offered no resistance, across the threshold, amid the continued shouts of the little sans culottes, who looked on at such distance as their fear of Mrs Mac-Guffog permitted. The instant his foot

had crossed the fatal porch, the portress again dropped her chains, drew her bolts, and turning with both hands an immense key, took it from the lock, and thrust it into a huge side-pocket of red cloth.

Bertram was now in the small court already mentioned. Two or three prisoners were sauntering along the pavement, and deriving as it were a feeling of refreshment from the momentary glimpse with which the opening door had extended their prospect to the other side of a dirty street. Nor can this be thought surprising, when it is considered, that unless upon such occasions their view was confined to the grated front of their prison, the high and sable walls of the court-yard, the heaven above them, and the pavement beneath their feet; a sameness of landscape, which, to use the poet's expression, "lay like a load on the wearied eye," and had fostered in some a callous and dull misanthropy, in others that sickness of the heart which induces him who is immured already in a living grave, to wish for a sepulchre yet more calm and sequestered.

Mac-Guffog, when they entered the court-yard, suffered Bertram to pause for a minute, and look upon his companions in affliction. When he had cast his eye around on faces on

which guilt, and despondence, and low excess, had fixed their stigma; upon the spendthrift, and the swindler, and the thief, the bankrupt debtor, the «moping idiot, and the madman gay,” whom a paltry spirit of economy assigned to share this dismal habitation, he felt his heart recoil with inexpressible loathing from enduring the contamination of their society even for a moment.

«I hope, sir,” he said to the keeper, «you intend to assign me a place of confinement apart?”

«And what should I be the better of that?”

«Why, sir, I can but be detained here a day or two, and it would be very disagreeable to me to mix in the sort of company this place affords.”

«And what do I care for that?”

«Why, then, sir, to speak to your feelings, I shall be willing to make a handsome compliment for this indulgence.”

«Ay, but when, Captain? when and how? that’s the question, or rather the twa questions.”

«When I am delivered, and get my remittances from England.”

Mac-Guffog shook his head incredulously.

“Why, friend, you do not pretend to believe that I am really a malefactor?”

“Why, I no ken,” said the fellow; “but if ye *are* on the account, ye’re nae sharp ane, that’s the day-light o’t.”

“And why do you say I am no sharp one?”

“Why, wha but a crack-brained callant wad hae let them keep up the siller that ye left at the Gordon arms? De’il fetch me, but I wad have had it out o’ their wames! ye had nae right to be strippit o’ your money and sent to jail without a mark to pay your fees; they might have keepit the rest o’ the articles for evidence. But why, for a blind bottle-head, did not ye ask the guineas? and I kept winking and nodding a’ the time, and the donnert deevil wad never ance look my way!”

“Well, sir, if I have a title to have that property delivered up to me, I shall apply for it, and there is a good deal more than enough to pay any demand you can set up.”

“I dinna ken a bit about that; ye may be here lang eneugh. And then the gieing credit maun be considered in the fees. But, however, as ye *do* seem to be a chap by common, though my wife says I lose by my good nature, if ye gie me an order for my fees upon that money

— I dare say Glossin will make it forthcoming
 — I ken something about an escape from Ellangowan — ay, ay, he'll be glad to carry me through, and be neighbour-like."

"Well, sir, if I am not furnished in a day or two otherwise, you shall have such an order."

"Weel, weel, then ye shall be put up like a prince; but mark ye me, friend, that we may have nae colly-shangie afterhend, these are the fees that I always charge a swell that must have his lib-ken to himsell — Thirty shillings a-week for lodgings, and a guinea for garnish; half-a-guinea aweek for a single bed, — and I dinna get the whole of it, for I must gie half-a-crown out of it to Donald Laider that's in for sheep-stealing, that should sleep with you by rule, and he'll expect clean strae, and maybe some whisky beside. So I make little upon that."

"Well, sir, go on."

"Then for meat and liquor, ye may have the best, and I never charge abune twenty per cent. ower tavern price for pleasing a gentleman that way — and that's little eneugh for sending in and sending out, and wearing the lassie's shoon out. And then if you're dowie,

I will sit wi' you a gliff in the evening mysell, man, and help ye out wi' your bottle. — I have drank mony a glass wi' Glossin, man, that did you up, though he's a justice now. — And then I'se warrant y'ell be for fire thir cauld nights, or if ye want candle, that's an expensive article, for its against the rules. — And now I've tell'd ye the head articles of the charge, and I dinna think there's muckle mair, though there will aye be some odd expences ower and abune."

"Well, sir, I must trust to your conscience, if ever you happened to hear of such a thing — I cannot help myself." —

"Na, na, sir, I'll no permit you to be saying that — I'm forcing naething upon ye; — an ye dinna like the price, ye needna take the article — I force no man; I was only explaining what civility was; but if ye like to take the common run of the house, it's a' ane to me — I'll be saved trouble, that's a'."

"Nay, my friend, I have, as I suppose you may easily guess, no inclination to dispute your terms upon such a penalty. Come, show me where I am to be, for I would fain be alone for a little while."

“Ay, ay, come along then, Captain,” said the fellow, with a contortion of visage which he intended to be a smile; “and I’ll tell you now, — to show you that I have a conscience, as ye ca’t, d—n me if I charge ye abune sixpence a day for the freedom o’ the court, and ye may walk in’t very near three hours a day, and play at pitch and toss, and hand ba’, and what not.”

With this gracious promise, he ushered Bertram into the house, and shewed him up a steep and narrow stone staircase, at the top of which was a strong door, clenched with iron and studded with nails. Beyond this door was a narrow passage or gallery, having three cells on each side, wretched vaults, with iron bed-frames and straw mattresses. But at the farther end was a small apartment, of rather a more decent appearance, that is, having less the air of a place of confinement, since, unless for the large lock and chain upon the door, and the crossed and ponderous stanchions upon the window, it rather resembled the “worst inn’s worst room.” It was designed as a sort of infirmary for prisoners whose state of health required some indulgence; and, in fact, Donald Laider, Bertram’s destined chum, had been just dragged out of one of the two beds which

it contained, to try whether clean straw and whisky might not have a better chance to cure his intermitting fever. This process of ejection had been carried into force by Mrs Mac Guffog while her husband parleyed with Bertram in the court-yard, that good lady having a distinct presentiment of the manner in which the treaty must necessarily terminate. Apparently the expulsion had not taken place without some application of the strong hand, for one of the bed-posts of a sort of tent-bed was broken down, so that the tester and curtains hung forward into the middle of the narrow chamber, like the banner of a chieftain, half-sinking amid the confusion of a combat.

“Never mind that being out o’ sorts, Captain,” said Mrs Mac-Guffog, who now followed them into the room; then, turning her back to the prisoner, with as much delicacy as the action admitted she whipped from her knee her ferret garter, and applied it to splicing and fastening the broken bed-post — then used more pins than her apparel could well spare to fasten up the bed-curtains in festoons. — then shook the bed-clothes into something like form — then flung over all a tattered patch-work quilt, and pronounced that things were now “something purpose-like.” “And there’s your

bed, Captain," pointing to a massy four-posted hulk, which, owing to the inequality of the floor that had sunk considerably, (the house, though new, having been built by contract,) stood upon three legs, and held the fourth aloft as if pawing the air, and in the attitude of advancing like an elephant passant upon the pannel of a coach — "There's your bed and the blankets; but if ye want sheets, or bowster, or pillow, or ony sort o' nappery for the table, or for your hands, ye'll hae to speak to me about it, for that's out o' the gudeman's line (Mac-Guffog had by this time left the room, to avoid, probably, any appeal which might be made to him upon this new exaction,) and he never engages for ony thing like that."

"In God's name," said Bertram, "let me have what is decent, and make any charge you please."

"Aweel, aweel, that's sune settled; we'll no excise you neither, though we live sae near the custom house. And I maun see to get you some fire and some dinner too, I'se warrant; but your dinner will be but a pair ane the day, no expecting company that wad be nice and fashious." — So saying, and in all haste, Mrs Mac-Guffog fetched a scuttle of live coals, and having replenished "the rusty

grate, unconscious of a fire" for months before, she proceeded with unwashed hands to arrange the stipulated bed-linen, (alas, how different from Ailie Dinmont's!) and, muttering to herself as she discharged her task, seemed, in inveterate spleen of temper, to grudge even those accommodations for which she was to receive payment. At length, however, she departed, grumbling between her teeth, that "she wad rather lock up a hail ward than be fiking about thae niff-naffy gentles that gae sae muckle fash wi' their fancies."

When she was gone, Bertram found himself reduced to the alternative of pacing his little apartment for exercise, or gazing out upon the sea in such proportions as could be seen from the narrow panes of his window, obscured by dirt and by close iron-bars, or reading over the records of brutal wit and blackguardism which despair had scrawled upon the half-whitened walls. The sounds were as uncomfortable as the objects of sight; the sullen dash of the tide, which was now retreating, and the occasional opening and shutting of a door, with all its accompaniments of jarring bolts and creaking hinges, mingling occasionally with the dull monotony of the retiring ocean. Sometimes, too, he could hear the hoarse growl of

the keeper, or the shriller strain of his help-mate, almost always in the tone of discontent, anger, or insolence. At other times the large mastiff, chained in the court-yard, answered with furious bark the insults of the idle loiterers who made a sport of incensing him.

At length the tædium of this weary space was broken by the entrance of a dirty-looking serving wench, who made some preparations for dinner by laying a half-dirty cloth upon a whole-dirty deal table. A knife and fork, which had not been worn out by overcleaning, flanked a cracked delf plate; a nearly empty mustard-pot, placed on one side of the table, balanced a salt-cellar, containing an article of a greyish, or rather a blackish mixture, upon the other, both of stone-ware, and bearing too obvious marks of recent service. Shortly after the same Hebe brought up a plate of beef-collops, done in the frying-pan, with a huge allowance of grease floating in an ocean of luke-warm water; and having added a coarse loaf to these savoury viands, she requested to know what liquors the gentleman chose to order. The appearance of this fare was not very inviting: but Bertram endeavoured to mend his commons by ordering wine, which he found tolerably good, and, with the assistance of

some indifferent cheese, made his dinner chiefly upon the brown loaf. When his meal was over, the girl presented her master's compliments, and, if agreeable to the gentleman, he would help him to spend the evening. Bertram desired to be excused, and begged, instead of this gracious society, that he might be furnished with paper, pen, ink, and candles. The light appeared in the shape of one long broken tallow-candle, inclining over a tin candlestick coated with grease: as for the writing materials, the prisoner was informed that he might have them the next day if he chose to send out to buy them. Bertram next desired the maid to procure him a book, and enforced his request with a shilling; in consequence of which, after long absence, she re-appeared with two odd volumes of the Newgate Kalendar, which she had borrowed from Sam Silverquill, an idle apprentice, who was imprisoned under a charge of forgery. Having laid the books on the table she retired, and left Bertram to studies which were not ill adapted to his present melancholy situation.

CHAPTER XLV.

*But if thou shoul'dst be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.*

SHENSTONE.

PLUNGED into the gloomy reflections which were naturally excited by his dismal reading, and disconsolate situation, Bertram, for the first time in his life, felt himself affected with a disposition to low spirits. "I have been in worse situations than this too," he said; — "more dangerous, for here is no danger; more dismal in prospect, for my present confinement must necessarily be short; more intolerable for the time, for here, at least, I have fire, food, and shelter. Yet, with reading these bloody tales of crime and misery, in a place so corresponding to the ideas which they excite, and in listening to these

sad sounds, I feel a stronger disposition to melancholy than in my life I ever experienced. But I will not give way to it — Begone, thou record of guilt and infamy!" said he, flinging the book upon the spare bed; "a Scottish jail shall not break, on the very first day, the spirits which have resisted climate, and want, and penury, and disease, and imprisonment in a foreign land. I have fought many a hard battle with dame Fortune, and she shall not beat me now if I can help it."

Then bending his mind to a strong effort, he endeavoured to view his situation in the most favourable light. Delasserre must soon be in Scotland; the certificates from his commanding officer must soon arrive; nay, if Mannering were first applied to, who could say but the effect might be a reconciliation between them? He had often observed, and now remembered, that when his former colonel took the part of any one, it was never by halves, and that he seemed to love those persons most who had lain under obligation to him. In the present case, a favour, which could be asked with honour and granted with readiness, might be the means of reconciling them to each other. From this his feelings naturally turned towards Julia, and without very nicely measuring the distance be-

tween a soldier of fortune, who expected that her father's attestation would deliver him from confinement, and the heiress of that father's wealth and expectations, he was building the gayest castle in the clouds, and varnishing it with all the tints of a summer-evening sky, when his labour was interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer-gate, answered by the barking of the gaunt half-starved mastiff, which was quartered in the court-yard as an addition to the garrison. After much scrupulous precaution the gate was opened, and some person admitted. The house door was next unbarred, unlocked, and unchained, a dog's feet pattered up stairs in great haste, and the animal was heard scratching and whining at the door of the room. Next a heavy step was heard lumbering up, and Mac-Guffog's voice in the character of pilot — "This way, this way; take care of the step; — that's the room." — Bertram's door was then unbolted, and, to his great surprise and joy, his terrier, Wasp, rushed into the room, and almost devoured him with caresses, followed by the massy form of his friend from Charlies-hope.

"Eh whow! Eh whow?" ejaculated the honest farmer, as he looked round upon his friend's miserable apartment and wretched accommodation — "What's this o't! what's this o't!"

“Just a trick of fortune, my good friend!” said Bertram, rising and shaking him heartily by the hand, “that’s all.”

“But what will be done about it? — or what *can* be done about it? — is’t for debt, or what is’t for?”

“Why, it is not for debt; and if you have time to sit down, I’ll tell you all I know of the matter myself.”

“If I hae time? — Ou, what the deevil am I come here for, man, but just ance errand to see about it? but ye’ll no be the waur o’ something to eat, I trow; — it’s getting late at e’en — I tell’d the folk at the Change, where I put up Dumble, to send ower my supper here, and the chield Mac-Guffog is agreeable to let it in — I hae settled a’ that. — And now let’s hear your story — whisht, Wasp, man! — wow but he’s glad to see you, poor thing!”

Bertram’s story, being confined to the accident of Hazlewood, and the confusion made between his own identity and that of one of the smugglers, who had been active in the assault of Woodbourne, and chanced to bear the same name, was soon told. Dinmont listened very attentively. “Aweel,” he said, “this suld be nae sic dooms-desperate business surely — the lad’s

doing weel again that was hurt, and what signifies twa or three lead draps in his shouther? if ye had putten out his e'e it would hae been another case. But eh, as I wuss auld Sberra Pleydell was to the fore here! — odd, he was the man for sorting them, and the queerest rough-spoken deevil too that ever ye heard!"

"But now tell me, my excellent friend, how did you find out I was here?"

"Odd, lad, queerly eneugh; but I'll tell ye that after we are done wi' our supper, for it will may be no be sae weel to speak about it while that lang-lugged limmer o' a lass is gaun flisking in and out o' the room."

Bertram's curiosity was in some degree put to rest by the appearance of the supper which his friend had ordered, which, although homely enough, had the appetizing cleanliness in which Mrs Mac Guffog's cookery was so eminently deficient. Dinmont also, premising he had ridden the whole day since breakfast-time, without tasting any thing "to speak of," which qualifying phrase related to about three pounds of cold roast mutton which he had discussed at his mid-day stage, — Dinmont, I say, fell stoutly upon the good cheer, and, like one of Homer's heroes, said little, either good or bad, till the rage of

thirst and hunger was appeased. At length, after a draught of home-brewed ale, he began by observing, "Aweel, aweel, that hen," looking upon the lamentable reliques of what had been once a large fowl, "wasna a bad ane to be bred at a town end, though its no like our barn-door chuckies at Charlies-hope — and I am glad to see that this vexing job hasna ta'en awa your appetite, Captain."

"Why, really, my dinner was not so excellent, Mr Dinmont, as to spoil my supper."

"I dare say no, I dare say no: — But now, hinny, that ye hae brought us the brandy and the mug wi' the het water, and the sugar, and a' right, ye may steek the door, ye see, for we wad hae some o' our ain cracks." The damsel accordingly retired, and shut the door of the apartment, to which she added the precaution of drawing a large bolt on the outside.

So soon as she was gone Dandie reconnoitered the premises, listened at the keyhole as if he had been listening for the blowing of an otter, and having satisfied himself that there were no eves-droppers, returned to the table, and making himself what he called a gay stiff cheerer, poked the fire, and began his story in an undertone of gravity and importance not very usual with him.

«Ye see, Captain, I had been in Edinbro' for twa or three days, looking after the burial of a friend that we hae lost, and may be I suld hae had something for my ride; but there's disappointments in a' things, and wha can help the like o' that? and I had a wee bit law business besides, but that's neither here nor there. In short, I had got my matters settled, and hame I cam; and the morn awa to the muirs to see what the herds had been about, and I thought I might as weel gie a look to the Tout-hope head, where Jock o' Dawstone and me has the outcast about a march — Weel, just as I was coming upon the bit, I saw a man afore me that I kenn'd was nane o' our herds, and it's a wild bit to meet ony other body, so when I cam up to him, it was Tod Gabriel the foxhunter. So I says to him, rather surprised like, 'What are ye doing up amang the craws here, without your hounds, man? are ye seeking the fox without the dogs?' So he said, 'Na, gudeman, but I wanted to see yoursel.'

'Ay,' said I, 'and ye'll be wanting eilding now, or something to pitt ower the winter?'

'Na, na,' quo' he, 'it's no that I'm seeking; but ye tak an unco interest in that Captain Brown that was staying wi' you, d'ye no?'

‘Troth do I, Gabriel,’ says I; ‘and what about him, lad?’

‘Says he, ‘There’s mair tak an interest in him than you, and some that I am bound to obey; and it’s no just on my ain will that I’m here to tell you something about him that will no please you.’

‘Faith, naething will please me,’ quo’ I, ‘that’s no pleasing to him.’

‘And then,’ quo’ he, ‘ye’ll be ill-sorted to hear that he’s like to be in the prison at Portanferry, if he doesna tak a’ the better care o’ himsell, for there’s been warrants out to tak him as soon as he comes ower the water frae Allonby. And now, gudeman, an ever ye wish him weel, ye maun ride down to Portanferry, and let nae grass grow at the nag’s heels; and if ye find him in confinement, ye maun stay beside him night and day, for a day or twa, for he’ll want friends that hae baith heart and hand; and if ye neglect this ye’ll never rue but ance, for it will be for a’ your life.’

‘But, safe us, man,’ quo’ I, ‘how did ye learn a’ this? it’s an unco way between this and Portanferry.’

‘Never ye mind that,’ quo’ he, ‘they that brought us the news rade night and day, and

ye maun be aff instantly if ye wad do ony gude — and sae I have naething mair to tell ye.' — So he sat himsell doun and hirselled doun into the glen, where it wad hae been ill following him wi' the beast, and I cam back to Charlieshope to tell the gudewife, for I was uncertain what to do. It wad look uncolike, I thought, just to be sent out on a hunt-the-gowk errand wi' a land-louper like that. But, Lord! as the gudewife set up her throat about it, and said what a shame it wad be if ye was to come to ony wrang, an I could help ye; and then in cam your letter that confirmed it. So I took to the kist, and out wi' the pickle notes in case they should be needed, and a' the bairns ran to saddle Dumble. By great luck I had ta'en the other beast to Edinbro', sae Dumble was as fresh as a rose. Sae aff I set, and Wasp wi' me, for ye wad really hae thought he kenn'd where I was gaun, puir beast, and here I am after a trot o' sixty mile, or near bye.'

In this strange story Bertram obviously saw, supposing the warning to be true, some intimation of danger more violent and imminent than could be likely to arise from a few days imprisonment. At the same time it was equally evident that some unknow friend was working in his behalf. "Did you not say," he asked Din-

mont, "that this man Gabriele^e was of gypsy blood?"

"It was e'en judged sae," said Dinmont, "and I think this maks it likely; for they aye ken where the gangs o' ilk ither are to be found, and they can gar news flee like a foot-ba' through the country an' they like. An' I forgot to tell ye, there's been an unco enquiry after the auld wife that we saw in Bewcastle; the sheriff's had folk ower the Limestane Edge after her, and down the Hermitage and Liddle, and a' gates, and a reward offered for her to appear, o' fifty pound sterling, nae less; and Justice Forster, he's had out warrants, as I am tell'd, in Cumberland, and an unco ranging and ripeing they have had a' gates seeking for her; but she'll no be ta'en wi' them unless she likes, for a that."

"And how comes that?" said Bertram.

"Ou, I dinna ken; I dare say it's nonsense, but they say she has gathered the fern-seed, and can gang ony gate she likes, like Jock the Giant killer in the ballant, wi' his coat o' darkness and his shoon o' swiftness. Ony way she's a kind o' queen amang the gypsies; she is mair than a hundred year auld, folk say, and minds the coming in o' the moss troopers in the troublesome times when the Stuarts were put awa. Sae if she canna hide hersell, they can hide her

weel aneugh, ye needna doubt that. Odd, an' I had kenn'd it had been Meg Merrilies yon night at Tibb Mumps's, I wad ta'en care how I crossed her."

Bertram listened with great attention to this account, which tallied so well in many points with what he had himself seen of this gypsy sybil. After a moment's consideration, he concluded it would be no breach of faith to mention what he had seen at Derncleugh to a person who held Meg in such reverence as Dinmont obviously did. He told his story accordingly, often interrupted by ejaculations, such as, "Weel, the like o' the now!" or, "Na, deil an' that's no something now!"

When our Liddesdale friend had heard the whole to an end, he shook his great black head — "Weel; I'll uphaud there's baith gude and ill amang the gypsies, and if they deal wi' the enemy, it's a' their ain business and no ours. — I ken what the streeking the corpse wad be weel aneugh. Thae smuggler deevils, when ony o' them's killed in a fray, they'll send for a wife like Meg far aneugh to dress the corpse; odd, it's a' the burial they ever think o'! and then to be put into the ground without ony decency, just like dogs. But they stick to it, that they'll be streekit, and hae an auld wife when they're

dying to rhyme ower prayers, and ballants, and charms, as they ca' them, rather than they'll hae a minister to come and pray wi' them — that's an auld threep o' their's; and I am thinking the man that died will hae been ane o' the folk that was shot when they burnt Woodbourne."

"But, my good friend, Woodbourne is not burnt."

"Weel, the better for them that bides in't. Odd, we had it up the water wi' us, that there wasna a stane on the tap o' anither. But there was fighting, ony way; I dare to say, it would be fine fun! And, as I said, ye may take it on trust, that that's been ane o' the men killed there, and that it's been the gypsies that took your pockmanky when they fand the chaise stickin in the snaw — they wadna pass the like o' that — it wad just come to their hand like the bowl o' a pint stoup."

"But if this woman is a sovereign among them, why was she not able to afford me open protection, and to get me back my property?"

"Ou, wha kens? she has muckle to say wi' them, but whiles they'll tak their ain way for a' that, when they're under temptation. And then there's the smugglers that they're aye leagued wi', she maybe couldna manage them sae weel — they're aye banded thegither — I've heard, the

gypsies ken when the smugglers will come aff and where they're to land, better than the very merchants that deal wi' them. And then, to the boot o' that, she's whiles crack-brained, and has a bee in her head; they say that whether her spaeings and fortune tellings be true or no, for certain she believes in them a' hersell, and is aye guiding hersell by some queer prophecy or anither. So she disna aye gang the straight road to the well. — But deil o' sic a story as yours, wi' glamour and dead folk and losing ane's gate, I ever heard out o' the tale-books! — But whist, 'I hear the keeper coming.' —

Mac-Guffog accordingly interrupted their discourse by the harsh harmony of the bolts and bars, and shewed his bloated visage at the opening door. «Come, Mr Dinmont, we have put off locking up for an hour to oblige ye; ye must go to your quarters.»

«Quarters, man? I intend to sleep here the night. There's a spare bed in the Captain's room.»

«It's impossible!» answered the keeper.

«But I say it is possible, and that I winna stir — and there's a dram t'ye.»

Mac-Guffog drank off the spirits, and resumed his objection. «But it's against rule, sir; ye have committed nae malefaction.»

An den Herrn Buchbinder.

**Gegenüberstehender Carton , Pag. 81 und 82,
ist gehörigen Orts einzuheften.**

"I'll break your head if ye say ony mair about it, and that will be malefaction aneugh to entitle me to ae night's lodging wi' you, ony way."

"But I tell ye, Mr Dinmont," reiterated the keeper, "it's against rule, and I would lose my post."

"Weel, Mac-Guffog, I hae just twa things to say. Ye ken wha I am weel aneugh, and that I wadna loose a prisoner."

"And how do I ken that?"

"Weel, if ye dinna ken that, ye ken this; — ye ken ye're whiles obliged to be up our water in the way o' your business; now, if ye let me stay quietly here the night wi' the Captain, I'll pay ye double fees for the room; and if ye say no, ye shall hae the best sark-fu' o' sair banes that ever ye had in your life, the first time ye set a foot bye Liddell-moat!"

"Aweel, aweel, gudeman," said Mac-Guffog, "a willfu' man maun hae his way; but if I am challenged for it by the justices, I ken wha sall bear the wyte;" — and having sealed this observation with a deep oath or two, he retired to bed, after carefully securing all the doors of the Bridewell. The bell from the town steeple tolled nine, just as the ceremony was concluded.

"Although it's but early hours," said the farmer, who had observed that his friend looked somewhat pale and fatigued, "I think we had

better lie down, Captain, if ye're no agreeable to another cheerer. But troth, ye're nae glass-breaker; and neither am I, unless it be a screed wi' the neighbours, or when I'm on a ramble."

Bertram readily assented to the motion of his faithful friend, but on looking at the bed, felt repugnance to trust himself undressed to Mrs Mac-Guffog's clean sheets.

"I'm muckle o' your opinion, Captain. Odd, this bed looks as if a' the colliers in Sanquhar had been in't thegither. But it winna win through my muckle coat." So saying, he flung himself upon the frail bed with a force that made all its timbers crack, and in a few moments gave audible signal that he was fast asleep. Bertram slipped off his coat and boots, and occupied the other dormitory. The strangeness of his destiny, and the mysteries which seemed to thicken around him, while he seemed alike to be persecuted and protected by secret enemies and friends, arising out of a class of people with whom he had no previous connection, for some time occupied his thoughts. Fatigue, however, gradually composed his mind, and in a short time he was as fast asleep as his companion. And in this comfortable state of oblivion we must leave them, until we acquaint the reader with some other circumstances which occurred about the same period.

Scott, Walter,

Guy Mannering; or, the astrologer in four volumes

Bd.: 3

Zwickau (1822)

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